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IN THE BREEZE:
HOW AND WHERE
TO AIR IT ALL OUT



HUSTLER

volume 18 number 2

august

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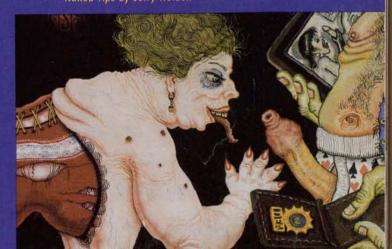
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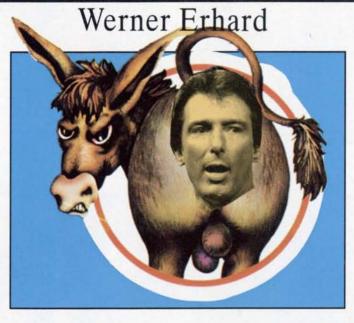
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Some people will do anything to get ahead. Every job has its share. They call themselves workaholics, overachievers, driven, obsessed perfectionists. Grasping, needy soul-vampires, their existence is devoted to becoming something, anything, so long as it disguises the inadequate, unworthy, hateful, pus-bag excuse for a human who writhes at their core. We call them weasel shit. They step on anyone in their path, they lie, browbeat, chisel, bully and betray, manipulate and exploit. In short, they are wannabe assholes.

In the '70s and '80s, they took classes to become better assholes. An estimated 700,000 hemorrhoids-in-training enrolled at \$250 to \$625 a sphincter to undergo a course in butt savvy. Werner Erhard was the guru of the righteously rectal, and now he is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for August 1991.

Being a Philadelphia used-car salesman named Jack Rosenberg is no disgrace in itself, but back in 1960, Rosenberg deserted his wife and children, dragged ass to California and changed his name to Werner Hans Erhard. Erhard had become someone else, someone capable of hiding the used-car salesman that lurked within, but the snake-oil instinct was in Werner's blood. Not only could he show other people how to become someone else, he could make them pay for it.

Erhard's '70s consciousness-raising course, est (Erhard Seminars Training), was delivered by samurai drill instructors in marathon sessions of physical discomfort and verbal



abuse, with very limited bathroom breaks. Werner hawked the est philosophy, an ungodly mix of Scientology, Dale Carnegie and Zen, as a "transforming experience" designed to "get rid of old baggage" and allow a person to take responsibility for his own experiences, whatever that meant.

"It's not what you know you know," revealed Erhard, "or what you know you don't know—it's what you don't know that you don't know."

Despite what budding butt-flowers did not know, they knew enough to get over est. In 1985 Erhard abandoned his self-named Seminars Training program, which had been suffering from declining enrollment, and launched the Forum, a sort of

est in a three-piece suit. Erhard also infiltrated the corporate environment with Transformational Technologies, a management-consulting firm that had neophyte shitwads training under the master as part of their job descriptions. The hustle raked in \$45 million in revenues for Werner Erhard and Associates in 1989.

And still, Werner took time to save the world, launching Hunger Project, an organization committed to eliminating starvation by 1997.

Erhard was floating pretty on his million-dollar, 96-foot Sausalito yacht, with nary a used car in sight.

But Erhard is sinking. The humanpotential czar has sprung so many leaks, he's hard-pressed to know where to bail first.

Lawsuits assail him from all sides, including one from the family of a client who claim he suffered a fatal heart attack during a training session. The IRS has slapped a \$6.7 million lien on the pop psychologist's personal property. Former associates accuse him of being a vicious tyrant who motivated with threats of death at the hands of Mafia contacts. One top aide says he was given the task of reaching beneath Erhard's bedclothes every morning to massage the master's calves and feet. Est executives claim that Erhard insisted upon being referred to as "the Source," something akin to God. According to financial reports filed with the U.S. Better Business Bureau, not a single dollar from the Hunger Project went to buy food for hungry people.

The true test of a man's character—particularly a man who's made a fortune by instructing other people how they should live—is his homelife. Members of Erhard's two families remember him as the "control monster" who beat his son to the floor and stomped him, who molested one daughter and forced sex upon another, who commanded an underling to choke his wife at a family meeting until she turned blue and spit ran out her mouth.

Erhard's defense? "There is only one appropriate response to these allegations: to heal and restore my family. And that is what I will do."

Our only appropriate response is to offer Werner a great deal on a used Asshole.

Ted Kennedy: The long-term Massachusetts senator has never been known for intelligent crisis management. Kennedy's boozy sleazings have in the past ended in death and currently given rise to rape charges. He could have been a contender, not just a bum Asshole.

Brig. Gen. Wayne T. Adams: As commander of four Marine air bases in the western U.S., Adams squeezed two Marine Colonels out of the Corps for making questionable

FARTS IN THE WIND

personal flights. One officer committed suicide. Yet, Adams himself took joyride flights to meet a girlfriend and get a divorce. The high-flying Asshole sees no hypocritical conflict, but we do.

Sugar Ray Leonard: Boxing champ Leonard admitted to using cocaine and alcohol while beating his wife, though preaching "just say no" on TV anti-drug commercials.

He hopes kids will "look at my mistakes and don't use it." Otherwise, the youngsters will grow up to be two-faced Assholes like Sugar.

Pam Smart: A 22-year-old school aide better named Ms. Greedy, Manipulative, Homicidal and Psychotic. Smart seduced a 15-year-old dupe and twisted his nuts until he agreed to murder her husband. He'll be in prison for the best of his life because he was pussy-whipped for an Asshole.

DICKS ARE BETTER THAN PUSSIES! HERE'S SIX REASONS WHY:





playing more than baseball.





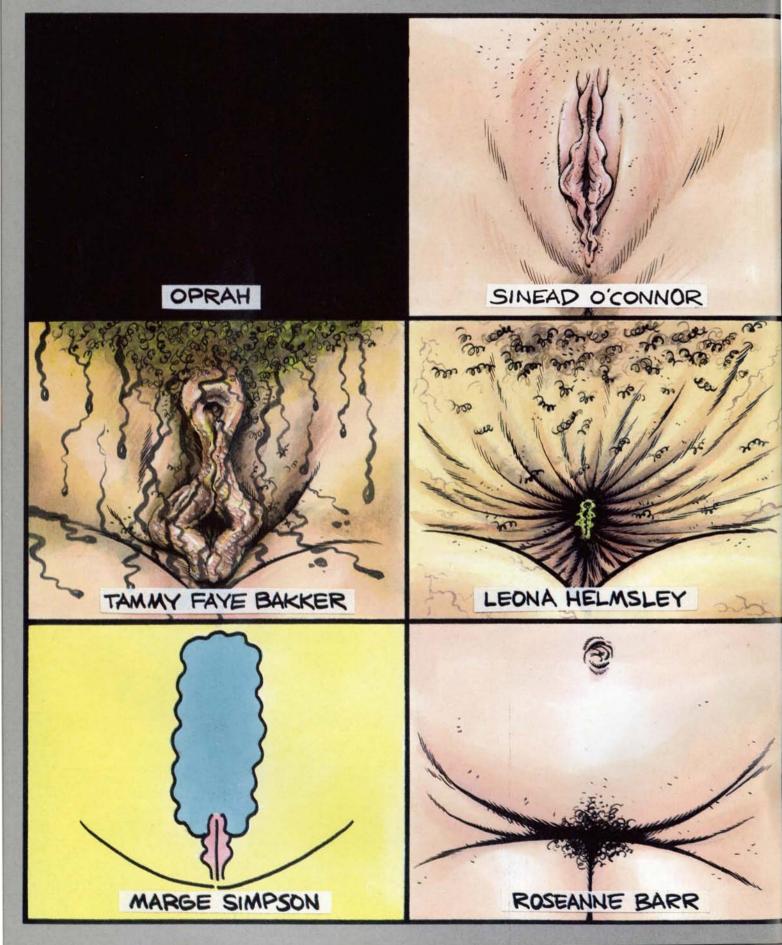


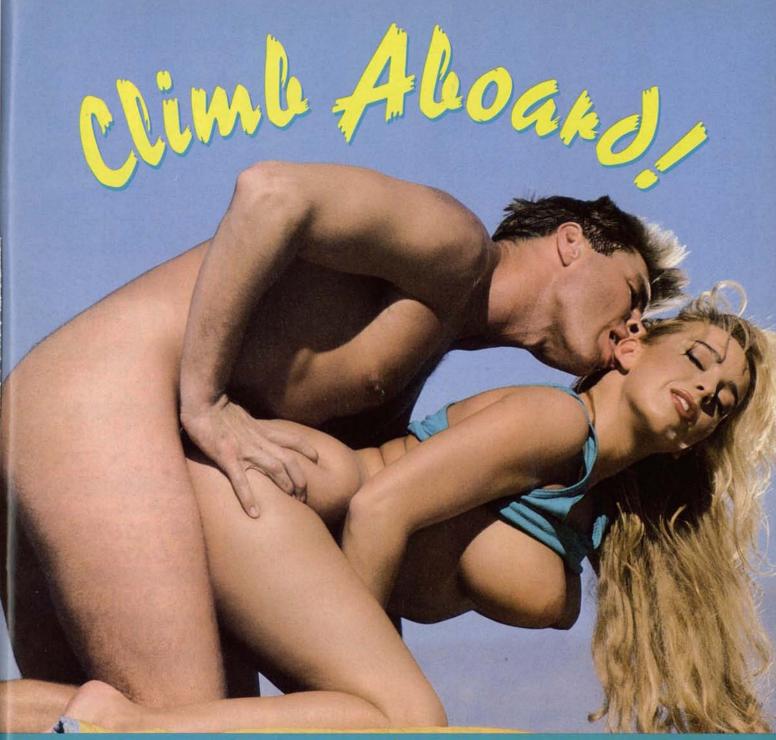






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LOW SCORE

I'm a healthy, 19-year-old woman who arrived at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, eager to exploit the school's scholastic and recreational opportunities. I break all the clichés about what a so-called intellectual is supposed to look like: I'm naturally blond and big-chested, with a small waist and long legs. Being a refugee from several exclusive girls' schools, I was looking forward to a lot of hard work, a lot of free beer and a lot of extracurricular sex.

Attractive boys caught my eye everywhere I looked. Swarthy, athletic boys with bulging cocks in their trousers and round, muscular asses tight enough to push and pull all night. It quickly became apparent, however, that a girl could sooner re-create Pons's and Fleischmann's cold-fusion experiments than coax a stiff, hot cock inside her cunt at Dartmouth. Try as I might, I could barely get a guy to return a teasing smile, let alone sneak a hand onto my impatient, hungry snatch.

One night, after a concert of hot-blooded Brazilian music on campus, I flirted with a big, beefy fraternity jock, the kind of guy likely to pop a woody at a single friendly word from a big-titted female. I pulled him into a seldom-traveled park enclosure and actually placed his hand on my pussy so he could feel the moisture already leaking through my jeans.

"Let's get it on," I said, rubbing my erect nipples against his smooth chest. "What are you waiting for?"

I felt his fat cock jerk up toward my flimsy angora sweater. A flicker of demonic lust passed across his face. I tried desperately to fan the fire, grinding my quim against his leg, but the little flame was quickly gone, replaced with a look of tender, platonic concern.

"Forgive me," he said. "I must have unintentionally pressured you into offering yourself sexually. Let me walk you home. No hard feelings, all right?"

No hard feelings! That was the problem

I encountered with every Dartmouth man I attempted to seduce! Apparently, Dartmouth was leading the way as the most progressively antisexual college in the nation. A few nasty, mixed-gender altercations had led the faculty and student body to make the campus as antiseptic and sexually neutral as a mortuary.

One Saturday I met some friends in the community room of a coed study hall. After a lengthy bout of the only kind of cramming I ever got, I felt as frustrated as a heterosexual at Yale. There was a gor-



geous guy in my study group, and I ached to squeeze my pussy down his half-foot ruler, but he led the rest of the group with a typical suggestion. "Why don't we all walk together to the Sensitivity Seminar?" he said, without as much as a glance at the indentations of my hardening nipples against my thin sweater. "It's pitch-black outside. We're sure to keep safe if we travel together."

Needless to say, I begged off. I was determined to go to bed early and think about transferring the fuck out of that dungeon.

Before leaving the study hall, I popped into the bathroom to pinch a loaf. I was surprised to see a couple of Portuguese cleaning men inside. "No can use," said the nearest one, spotting me in the mirror. He was medium height, wiry, and I could smell his man sweat despite lemon-scented ammonia fumes. He couldn't help giving me the chauvinist once-over, quickly running his eyes up and down my figure, and since I hadn't seen a look like that in my direction for as long as I could remember, I ate it up. Fire and flood couldn't have gotten me out of that bathroom before I'd wrung this man's lustful attention for all it was worth.

I locked the door in a flash. "No can use," I told the man, who stood stock-still, suspicious of my motives. I wriggled out of my angora in two seconds flat. My fat-nippled tits flopped braless against my chest. The ignorant prick never knew what hit him. He dropped his mop with a clatter. I approached him without hesitation, blinded with greed and unmitigated sexual desire. Already, a stiff prong made a tent in the baggy pants of his polyester uniform. I popped a nipple in his open mouth before he could make a sound. He needed no further prompting. His hands were all over me in an instant, rubbing between my legs with such determination and manly skill that I thought I would faint with satisfaction.

He stripped me of my jeans and fucked me like a wild dog, without affection or finesse. I rode his savage, bucking prick to an endless round of sloppy comes. All the while, the second man pulled pud, cowering in a toilet stall. I called out to him, actually demanding that he come to me. He stepped out shyly. I was still sliding back and forth on the disinfected tile floor, riding the fuck of my life, when I ordered him to kneel down over my face, with his thighs along my ears. I grabbed his cock and stuffed it eagerly between my drooling lips. He yelped with surprise and pleasure as I ran the length of his stiffening rod halfway down my throat. I was more than a little disappointed when, after a mere four or five minutes of this oral action, I was compelled to swallow a mouthful of his scalding jizz. I could have sucked him all night, but he went soft after coming and didn't get



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HOT LETTERS

My last boyfriend thought my underarm hair was sexy and used to armpit-fuck me until he ejaculated globs of hot cum onto my tits.

hard again. Still, he wanted to suck tit. With one tit in his mouth and one between the teeth of the guy who was dicking me, I came to a wracking orgasm that arched my back a foot off the floor.

Since fucking the hired help turned out to be my only means of sexual relief at Dartmouth, I've decided to matriculate next year at Harvard, where a woman who wants it is bound to be screwed.

> Name Withheld by Request Hanover, New Hampshire

BORN AGAIN

Once upon a time, I took love and great sex for granted and thought little more about it than I did the air I breathed. Then a time came when I thought the chances of love and sex in my life were gone forever. Now I've got both, and thank God for it.

I lost my legs in an auto accident three years ago. I'd just gotten into women's bodybuilding, and my body was tight, yet still curvy. I was a beautiful woman, and vain. I spent more time a day admiring my hip-length red hair than some women spend on their husbands. I always had a man waiting.

When I lost my legs, no one wanted to be near me, much less make love to me. For three years I masturbated with everything I could fit inside my pussy. I bought every mail-order vibrator in existence. Out of desperation, I ran an ad in a local underground paper: Legless beauty seeks sensitive man to turn her on. The only responses I got in the mail were cruel letters full of sick jokes.

One day I met a local photographer at an exhibition of his pictures. The photos were of nude pregnant women—sensitive, yet very erotic. When I bought one, I told him so. He thanked me and said that if I ever decided to have a baby, he hoped I'd consider sitting for him. Photograph me? I thought he was nuts. Yet I couldn't get the thought out of my mind of seeing myself sensuously photographed. After three nights of tossing and turning and almost wearing out my pussy lips masturbating, I gave him a call. I told him I didn't think I'd ever get pregnant, but that I'd love to have a sensuous, nude portrait of myself. He agreed to come over and talk about it.

I trimmed my pussy hair so that my cunt lips were smooth and silky. I even considered shaving my underarm hair, but decided against it. My last boyfriend (before the accident) thought my underarm hair was sexy and used to armpit-fuck me until he ejaculated globs of hot cum onto my tits. I loved it.

When Tim (the photographer) arrived, I felt so at ease with him that before I knew it, I told him my whole story. I confessed that I thought I might be able to find a man through the personal ads willing to make love to me, if I could show him I was beautiful and sexy, not a freak.

Tim stroked my soft, flaming hair and said, "If you really want to turn a guy on, I suggest you remove everything, including the blanket covering your legs." I was nude under the blanket, but that's not what was bothering me. Taking off the blanket would reveal my stumps. "Jamie, you are a beautiful and sexy woman," he reassured me. "Don't hide how much you have to offer beyond the loss of your legs." He gently removed the blanket and spread my stubs wide apart, displaying my pussy lips, full and perfect and wet. Then he bent down and kissed each of my nipples erect and ran his tongue down my belly until it slid between my cunt! God, I was in heaven! He scooted my butt forward until my stubs hugged his

shoulders, then licked my throbbing labia for several minutes. To my surprise, he tenderly kissed the white flesh of my thighs. When he reached the scars and the end of my stumps, he kissed and licked them too. I came explosively the moment his tongue touched me there, then again and again as he made love with his mouth to that part of me I had kept hidden for so long.

"Come on my nubs," I blurted out, expressing my deepest desire before I could stop myself. He stood up, grabbed his cock and beat his meat until he shot white, hot lava over both of my sensitive stump ends. Hot spunk ran down my thighs and onto my pussy lips. I spread my cunt lips with my fingertips so that my pussy hole winked up at him. He plunged his still-hard cock inside and fucked me hard until he came again. I weighed so little that he was able to carry me around the room, humping. I tossed my long hair down his back until it tickled his ass. God, it was nasty and sexy!

He did continue taking pictures of me. Our favorite is the automatic shot he took of the both of us together, naked in each other's arms.

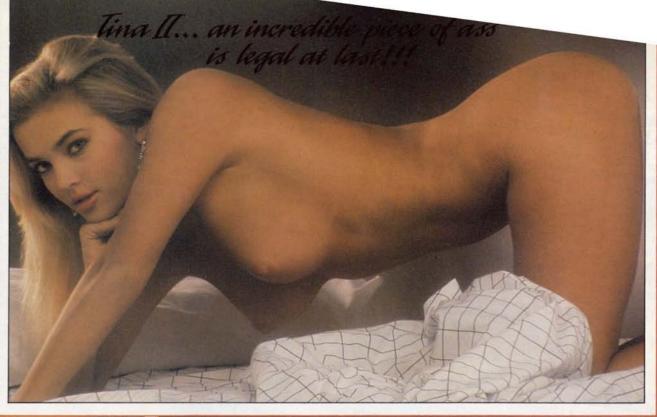
—Jamie G.

Berkeley, California

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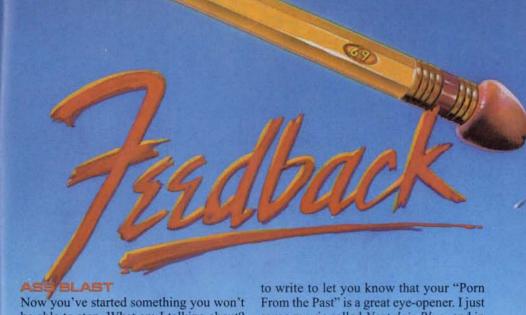
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Now you've started something you won't be able to stop. What am I talking about? This Butt's for You in the May 1991 issue was great! I want to start a pubic-roots support movement to make this a regular feature in HUSTLER. The first picture was a heart-attack generator. Only the strong survived that one. The last "open hole" shot probably finished them off. I knew when I subscribed that you wouldn't fail the deserving masses, and you sure didn't disappoint me with This Butt's for You. Keep up the good work and keep the moons a-cummin'. —J. R. B. San Antonio, Texas

PANTS ON FIRE

In your April 1991 edition, you featured an article that I didn't find very amusing (The HUSTLER Liar's Manual, April '91). Liar's manual—what the fuck is that, a fucking joke? I adore HUSTLER, but as a woman, I must ask you what the hell you take us for, a bunch of fucking bimbos with nothing better to do than spread our legs? If so, I really pity you. I admit, it turns me on when some finelooking, edible guy describes in vivid splendor exactly how he wants to devour my body, but I'm not ignorant enough to listen to lying, harebrained assholes. To all you liars: If you're reading my letter and slapping your meat to this month's covergirl, please continue! All you'll ever get from us women is a wrist cramp!

—N. S. Oceanside, New York

Rest assured, N. S., there's a little-known aphorism for dealing with women: "If they can't take a joke, fuck 'em anyway!"

NO LIE!

Congratulations on printing one of the few honest magazines in the USA. I had

to write to let you know that your "Porn From the Past" is a great eye-opener. I just saw a movie called Nostalgic Blue, and in the good old days people fucked and sucked just like they do today. People talk about the decline in American morals. Bullshit! P. S. If any of your readers haven't been to Dallas, let them know that Dallas has the hottest pussy in America—no contest.

—M. L.

Dallas, Texas

WOMAN ON THE VERGE

I am writing to express my feelings about your magazine. I feel that your magazine is very degrading, and I think women should not be able to show their bodies like that. It gives young minds the wrong idea about women. Not all women will even do that sort of stuff in bed! It upsets me that some women go along with this, but I guess



This Butt's for You

that's a totally different issue. —J. J. Mukwonago, Wisconsin

Yes, it is a totally different issue, J. J.— HUSTLER Erotic Video Guide, to be exact.

THANK YOU

Having just returned home from the Middle East, I could not help remembering the stir that was caused by Savannah in your March issue (Savannah: Up for Service, March '91). God only knows how in the world we were lucky enough to have her foldout in our tank. We can't tell you how much that meant to us. Also, we loved Terry from April (Takita: Pussy Warrior, April '91). The guys were making \$30 bets just to have the cover with her on it. I totally disagree with the statements against your magazine. Until you're stuck in a place where you can't even see women's faces, you just can't appreciate a good thing. Long live HUSTLER! Anonymous

Operation Desert Storm

A HAND FOR BEAVERS

"Be vewy, vewy quiet. I'm hunting beavers." I think those would be Elmer Fudd's words if he got a look at the beautiful babes pictured in HUSTLER's April 1991 Beaver Hunt. Boom! The first page, Nina and Chasity—I'm still unloading both barrels. Nina smiling there on all

(continued on page 29)

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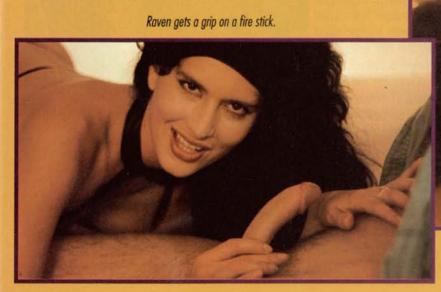


BONFIRE OF THE PANTIES

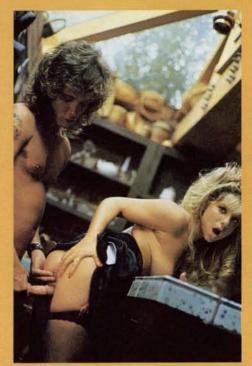
Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by William Black; starring Raven, Nicole Wilde, Ashley Nicole, Missy Warner, Tom Chapman, Sebastian, Johnny, Joey Murphy and Brandon Iron. Videocassette: Coast to Coast Video.

Women, at least the type of dream-broad whose slot gets juicy at the sight of cathode-ray sexual depravity, will love this tape. All the dudes are new. None of the same old, skank-assed grandpa swingers. Bonfire features a batch of fresh meat for the missus—oily sorts of guys, most with that long-haired, Eurogarbage look the ladies seem to go so gaga-cunt for these days, and sporting the ubiquitous black sunglasses, as do many of the professional ginches in Panties, most of whom are somewhat familiar. What is not so familiar, but should be, is the unfeigned interest taken by at least one party in each of Bonfire's fucks—sometimes, both parties are interested. Here's to fresh meat, as long as it perks up the ladies.

— Christian Shapiro



New meat perks up Nicole.



Byron finds Summers's Mark.



Holland and Stewart Beat the heat.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas: starring Deidre Holland, Jon Dough, Heather St. Clair, Lance Victory, Patricia Kennedy, Jennifer Stewart, Danielle Rogers, Randy Spears and Paul Thomas. Videocassette: Vivid.

Deidre Holland stars as a lifeguard who sits on the beach all day having sexual fantasies about the people she sees. As long as she's in those fantasies (luckily she's in three of them, including a labe-lashing with Jennifer Stewart and a creamy face-wash from Jon Dough), Heat provides some crotch warmth. Otherwise, considering the abundance of tanned and taut trim here, Beat's just another Paul Thomas video falling well short of being the full-fledged spermsplattered delight it could've been. — Sam Lowry

HE MARK OF ZARA

Half Erect. Directed by Patti Rhodes; starring Jeanna Fine, Zara Whites, Brigitte Aime, Angela Summers, K. C. Williams, Marc Wallice, Sikki Nixx, Tony Montana and Randy West. Videocassette: X-citement Video.

Only one scene in this story of servant girl Zara Whites will appeal to mainstream porn audiences. Angela Summers goes to her knees and fills her blond, beach-girl face with Tom Byron's long stiffness, administering a sloppy, slurpy, slutty blowiob that's as good a cinematic skull ride as is likely to be found. As for the rest, the tape's twisted attitude is far too kinky for Joe Average. Wimpy, sissy boys who like to be dominated by bitchy females will throw themselves prone and grovel in ecstasy at the chance to worship Jeanna Fine, porn's premier slut goddess, but those who don't enjoy or understand the heady rush of sexual power exchange will find Zara off the mark. - Mal O'Ree

EAT 'EM AND SMILE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Tom Byron, Randy West, Tracey Adams, Rayne, Alexandra Quinn, Tiara and Johnny Hammer. Videocassette: Moonlight.

For a cheapie, this one has a pretty good look, and the story's got some sleazy charm, but as for the girls these porn cows lie around like Florida manatees, waiting for some bull to pork them. Rayne is the only one who exhibits an itching twat begging to get boned. Tracey Adams practically falls asleep during her dorking session. It's a shame. The story, an asinine spoof of television private-eye shows, is surprisingly watchable. But it doesn't matter; with the lackluster fucking and the dead cunt meat, no one's gonna sit through it anyway. — Rusty Knox

SEX DE FEMME

One-Quarter Erect. Compilation: starring Sharon Mitchell, Bionca, Erica Bover and Cara Lott. Videocassette: Ambassador.

One of the most difficult challenges in porn is making a good lesbian show, and this collection of pussy rubs, despite the cast of committed cunt lovers, isn't up to the task. It starts hot, but dies down quickly. Porn trivia nuts will enjoy rare footage of Uschi Digart, a big-breasted German gal who did nudies for Russ Meyer, as well as some other ancient fuck-flick footage. Aside from a few nostalgic glimpses of classic poontage, the hot stuff is over after the first ten minutes. -Lenny Wilde

MAGES OF DESIRE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Victoria Paris, Deidre Holland, Samantha Strong, Jeanna Fine, Tom Byron, Chessie Moore, Marc Wallice, Viper, Don Fernando, Ray Victory, Jamie Leigh, Sheila Kelly, Candice, Raven, Kitty Reynolds, Kelly Blue, Delta Force, Madison, Sean Michaels and Randy West. Videocassette: Parliament, Shot on Film.

Is it a compilation tape? Is it a mishmash of leftover trash footage? Is it a hybrid montage of old lowlife highlights spliced in with freshly shot twat action? Who knows what Images of Desire is. It is not an ejaculate extravaganza that features the fleshy talents of dozens of libidocranked porn dicks and chicks, as the box cover promises. Desire attempts to be a smut flick about making a smut flick, presenting Tom Byron as a fledgling fuck director. In actuality, Byron is just as likely as any penis with a pulse to possess an erotic vision more sizzling than the torpid attitude of the men who made a dry mess of such a sperm-sodden opportunity. — С. S.



Images: A wasted opportunity.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Totally Limp. Directed by Robert McCallum; starring Samantha Strong, Nikki Knights, Jeanna Fine, Dina DeVille, Peter North, Mike Horner and Billy Dee. Videocassette: Elite Visuals.

Aside from scraping in a few wadded-up, crusty dollars, there is no point in the existence of *Good Vibrations*, a tape that has spent years in some dark closet, running down like a corroding battery. Why bring it out in the light of day? Because nothing is ever allowed to go to waste in the porn world—except the viewing time of the audience. See Billy Dee and Jeanna Fine in a triathlon of torpid sex, with commentary by Herschel Savage and Misty Regan. Commentary continues, explaining Peter North's blink-of-an-eye boff of Dina DeVille and expounding upon the use, by Samantha Strong and Nikki Knights, of sex toy Mike Horner. Strong applies boby oil to herself. At least she gets to jerk off.



HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA 2

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Charles De Santos; starring Leilani, Vixen Red, Lonnie Taylor, Rita Erotica, Tony Davis and Linn Wong. Videocassette: 4 Play.

It's ironic that in a trans tape, the hottest performance would come from a natural woman. Despite the trio of he-shes featured, it's Rita Erotica who sizzles while getting bened from deviant dick. The highlight is Erotica's terrific tonsil-tooling of two pre-op puds that ends up with a ride on a three-headed dildo. The rest is room service for quirky gay boys only.

— S. L.



ALL THAT SEX

Half Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Randy Spears, Madison, Casey, Danielle Rogers, Nicole Wilde, Ashlyn Gere, Randy West and Marc Wallice. Videocassette: Legend.

Spry and sprightly, mighty mite Madison is a mini-muff to be appreciated on many levels. She sucks dick with her face lost in the sweet, liquid dreaminess of a ruby-lipped pixie sucking on a sugar stick. Her tits are chocolate-tipped vanilla bonbons. Her ass and legs are functioning forms of pure, smooth, unbroken feminine line. Her cunt is a snug flesh socket, precision-fitting any prong that comes along. When her components come together to romp and bop on a board-stiff bone, Madison approaches the status of lust-bunny legend; when she takes the mouth-filling Randy Spears facial in *All That Sex*, Madison crosses the line from slutty to sublime. — *C. S.*



GIRLS, GIRLS AND MORE GIRLS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Sunny McKay, Patricia Kennedy, Madison, Cassandra Dark, Holly Ryder, Brigitte Aime, Jamie Leigh, Sharon Mitchell, Satina and Ron Jeremy. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.

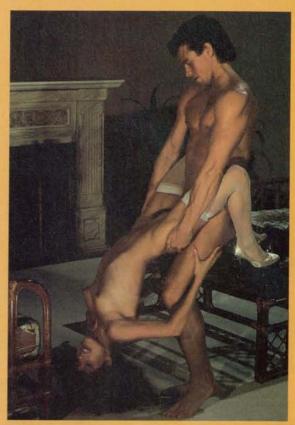
Lesbianism is a cruel mistress when it comes to capturing its slimy mystique on camera. Unlike the raw, slam-bang theatrics of male homosexual sex, lesbianism is couched in all sorts of emotional, lovey-dovey interaction that doesn't translate to video. What we get are male-oriented



Jeremy fied up and abused by the Girls.

fantasies of how lesbians should behave, which is where Girls, Girls and More Girls falls apart. Director Milton Ingley serves up the usual all-girl scenario—a bevy of babes lose control when introduced to a bag of dildos—and lashes us with clit-collisions between Madison, Patricia Kennedy, Sunny McKay, Jamie Leigh and a whole bunch of other girls who made their first appearances in amateur porn. They never should have gone pro.

— Jody Davis



There is no point in the existence of Vibrations.



Sunny doesn't shine.

SUNNY AFTER DARK

Half Erect. Directed by Michael Carpenter; starring Sunny McKay, Talia James, Bionca, Stacey Bell, T. T. Boy, Tim Whitfield, Sean Michaels, Marc Wallice, Peter North and Dave Hill. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

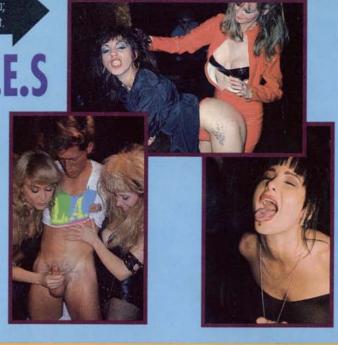
Sunny McKay, the supposed star of Sunny After Dark, has fewer scenes than big-bottomed, blond Talia James and only as many as burned-out, tattooed biker chick Stacey Bell. Apparently, being the star means McKay doesn't have to endure ass-and-pussy double penetrations as Bell and James do, nor need she go through the indignity of a clenched-jaw cream facial that James suffers at tape's end. McKay does get fucked by Peter North's big, spurting whale dick, but she should have done a lot more.

— Woody Hood

Madison shows off her pierced tongue; Mistress Leah toys with slutty supplicant Sukoya; and Nina Hartley and CHIC Magazine's Mistress Jacqueline have a friendly jerk-off contest.

PARTY WITH F.O.X.E.S

The occasion was the first Fans of X-rated Entertainment (F.O.X.E.) award show—the people's choice of porn—and it was a triple-X fiesta. High energy. Low morals. Booze flowing. Music blaring. Porn queens strutting around half-undressed, mercilessly teasing 200 or so civilians who plunked down 25 bucks for the chance to mingle with their faverave wet dreams. It was a party for everyday Joes who buy the stuff, and the women gleefully fed off their desperate, voyeuristic lust. Held at legendary Gazzarri's rock 'n' roll sweat box on the Sunset Strip, the whole night was spent on the edge of an orgy. Winners were: Female Favorites—Christy Canyon, Nina Hartley and Tori Welles; Male Favorites—Tom Byron and Peter North; New Starlet—Selena Steele; and Fan of the Year—Munson Yee. F.O.X.E. also inducted Seka, Ron Jeremy and Vanessa Del Rio into the X-rated Critics Hall of Farne. For information about how to attend next year's bash, write to F.O.X.E., 8231 DeLongpre #1, West Hollywood, CA 90046. All proceeds go to the Adult Video Association's legal-defense fund.





Kiki and Dusty are no Angels.



WE'RE NO ANGELS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Lauren Brice, Kiki, Dominique, Dusty, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough and Sukoya. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Jon Dough and Kiki are married, only Kiki doesn't like to fuck. So, Dough proceeds to lay his pale pipe to lovely black temptress Dominique. Joey Silvera fucks the black chick too, then continues his boning streak by porking Kiki. Wait, isn't that Dough's uptight babe? The one who won't put out? Dough takes on his secretarial trash-unit Sukoya, who slaps her pussy, moans like she means it and bathes Dough's balls with her tongue. Kiki finds a magazine and masturbates, eats Dusty's dusty pussy, then, cured of all inhibitions via the miracle of pornography, asks her sexually exhausted husband to take her to a swing party. No wonder the divorce rate in this country is 60%.



ANGELS BY DAY, DEVILS BI NIGHT

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Eselle Ferrand; starring Bionca, Sharon Kane, Kassi Nova, Tim Lowe and Marc Radcliff. Videocassette: Filmco.

Why do the lemur-eyed gay boys who wrangle their wangs in bisexual scuzz flicks always seem so embarrassed? The switchable studs of Angels are so humiliated at having been lured into the proceedings that only two of the half dozen listed their names in the credits. What's to be ashamed of? Lots of guys have fucked Sharon Kane and Kassi Nova and Bionca. You didn't see them needing to hide behind a mask of anonymity, and they were straight. — C.S.



Devils: For limp-wristed jamokes.

DESIGNER GENES

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jennifer Stewart, Heather Hunter, Madison, Joey Silvera, T. T. Boy and Tim Whitfield. Videocassette: Vivid.

Jennifer Stewart is every bit as long, blond, healthy and wholesome as any sunshine girl who's ever been lensed with a pair of spitting



The **Designer** is all right, but the director is a mistake.

dicks snake-fighting for her wet, warm burrows. Heather Hunter, whose haunch-flexing wiener workouts are nut-busting, erotic exertions, is a lightchocolate counterpart to Stewart. Madison is quite simply this year's girl, a high-energy muff munchkin given to happy-face sucking and fucking. But Paul Thomas is the director who has Joey Silvera catch his wad in a ceramic cup rather than upon Madison, Thomas is the director who has Silvera and Hunter stop mid-fuck and not start again. Thomas is the director who has Silvera and Stewart commit the low-credibility internal cumshot. Designer has sexy genes, but Paul Thomas is the director. -c.s.

Sad Day in Smutville

The adult-video community was sent into shock by the news of the murder of Artie Mitchell, allegedly by his brother Jim. It happened late on the night of February 27 at Artie's home in Corte Madera in Marin County, California. Jim was arrested 100 yards from the house with a rifle in his pants leg and a holstered pistol. He has been arraigned for murder. Their O'Farrell sex emporium in San Francisco was shut down for several days as friends and associates pondered what the possible motive could be and what will become of the Mitchells' sex empire.

ANGELA SUMMERS's

Panties

ow can something so tiny cover up such a wonder box as Angela Summers's furry, blond pussy? Right beneath those sensible, white-cotton undies is a sunny Southern California slit that gets fucked and sucked in Clean and Dirty, The Mark of Zara, Wild Goose Chase, Snatched to the Future and Dances With Foxes.





Not enough sensation to put us over the Edge.

EDGE OF SENSATION

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Danielle Rogers, Randy Spears, Alice Springs, Casey, Jasmine, Cheri Taylor, Peter North and Randy West. Videocassette: Legend.

Choosing not to utilize delightful Danielle Rogers to her utmost potential, director Scotty Fox decides to concentrate on a ridiculous, supposedly dramatic story—replete with the usual cornball script and horrible porn acting—and produces a slow-paced snore, filled with bad camera angles, screws lost in the shadows and a distracting soundtrack.

— W. H.



CLEAN AND DIRTY

Half Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Angela Summers, Jamie Lee, April Rayne, Blaire, Tom Byron, Randy West and Joey Silvera. Videocassette: Moonlight.

Tom Byron wanders into *Clean and Dirty* as its central character, a drawling drifter who stumbles upon an agricultural household of scheming sex maniacs. Everywhere we look, somebody's fucking: two straw-head bimbos in the supply shed, Randy West rolling off a chaise lounge to cavort in the grass with a pair of bubble-ass lasses, Joey Silvera and Angela Summers outdoors splashing dick and gash in the soapy water of a gentrified horse trough. Itinerant ranch hand Byron asks for work, and they put him on the job plowing nappy furrows and spilling seed. Byron sweats for one fox out in a field, then comes indoors to labor the lust of another. The dick at home isn't sure if it should stay in or come out either.

— C. S.

HUSTLER AUGUST 2

YOUNG BUNS 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Michael Carpenter; starring Alice Springs, Stacey Bell. Talia James, Dusty, T. T. Boy and Peter North, Videocassette: Western Visuals.

The female cast of Young Buns 2 is primarily no-names, blondes and brunettes, all seemingly interchangeable second-stringers. One has no tits, one's slightly gone to flab. another's face is about as pretty as a boxer's, and the fourth is decidedly hefty. So they try harder, they take better facials, they appreciate stiff bone, they throw themselves into being thrown ground, and they just might come off the screen, get into the average sap's bed and be welcome and happy there.



Buns: They may come off the screen into your bed.



Gere: Her scrotum-draining libido knows no boundaries.

SHIFTING GERE

Half Erect. Directed by Edwardo Dinero; starring Ashlyn Gere, Tiara, Devon Shire, Jamie Leigh, Tom Byron, David Hell and Randy West. Videocassette: Video Team.

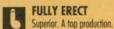
This otherwise forgettable spool of tape is saved by one-woman, scrotumdraining machine Ashlyn Gere, whose libido knows no boundaries. She squeals, she hisses, she moans and groans and curls her lower lip with the ecstatic abandon of a woman who knows what she's doing and loves it. If Ashlyn is acting, then fuck the X-rated biz's chintzy awards—this girl deserves an Oscar. What's more, here's a performer who welcomes the sight of a swollen pecker squirting hot cum all over her face and mouth. She likes it! So forget the shifty sets and ugly lighting and just take in the sexual dynamo that is Ashlyn Gere.

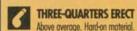
RATING GUIDE

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of **HUSTLER** and **HUSTLER EROTIC** VIDEO GUIDE.

Fully Erect

Curse of the Cat Woman The Masseuse Wild Goose Chase





HALF ERECT Standard fare, Has moments

> **ONE-QUARTER ERECT** Poor. Don't expect much.

TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

Three-Quarters Erect

Corruption **Buttman's Ultimate Workout Devil in the Blue Dress**

Jail Babes The Landlady **Legal Tender Rear Admiral Silver Tongue** Sleepwalker Tit Tales **Tori Welles Exposed** Wet 'n' Working

Half Erect

Anal Nation Bad Cool Sheets Dr. Jeckel and Ms. Hide The Finer Things in Life **Growing Up House of Dreams** A Journey to Darkness Kittens **Love Ghost**

Oh, What a Night **Power Play Thrill Seekers** Trouble

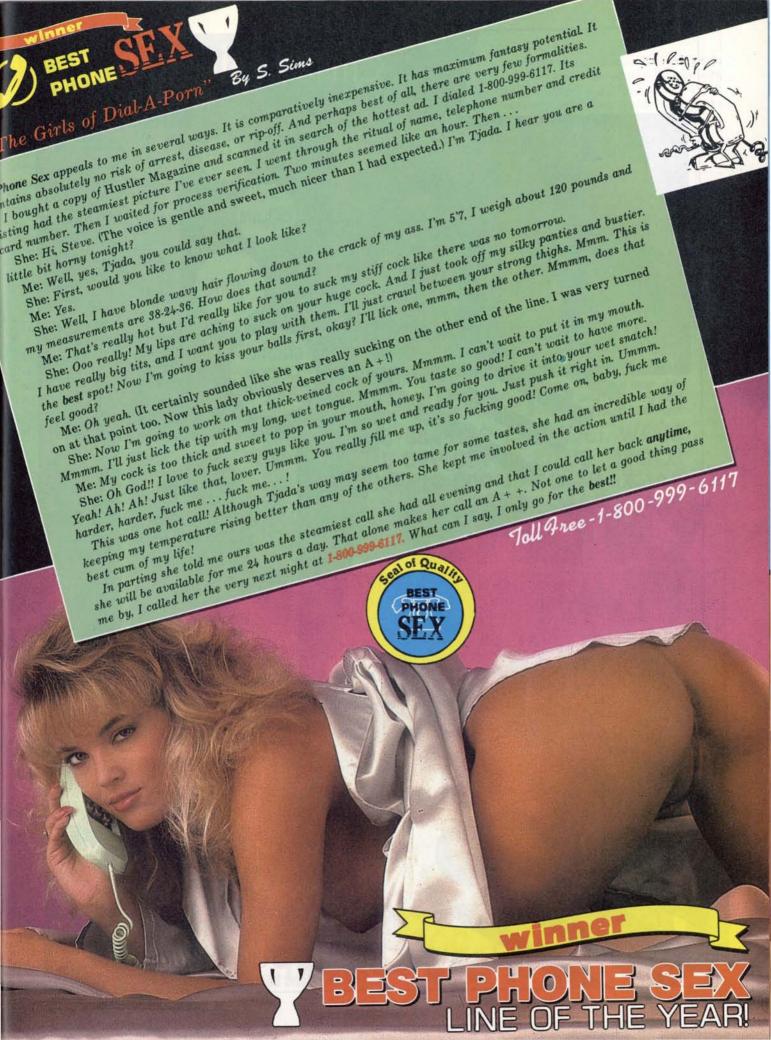
One-Quarter Erect

Anal Addiction 2 Assinine **Breast Side Story** Camera Shy **Easy Pickings Jailhouse Blues Lesbian Lingerie 4** Lifequard **Paradise Road** Shadows in the Dark Sunstroke Beach Welcome to Hotel Transylvania

Totally Limp

L.A. Stories The Monaco Falcon

AUGUST HUSTLER 26



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F'eedback (continued from page 17)

fours was enough to make me think about relocating to Oceanside, California. But why go any farther than my own backyard after feasting my eyes on lovely Stephanie? And some tattoos have all the luck, because I'd give anything to be plastered somewhere on Criss's beautiful bod. All the girls this session were A-1. Keep it coming, HUSTLER. You're number one with me.

—E. R. J.

Detroit, Michigan

I was enjoying your May 1991 HUSTLER, but when I came to *Beaver Hunt* and took one look at Donna, the housewife from Granite, Oklahoma, I fell in love.

Donna, I hope you get to read this, because I think you have the hottest bod in HUSTLER. I would love to worship and lick your beautiful body, spending hours licking and sucking your perfect feet and toes. You've inspired many loads from me in just two days.

—M. W.

Watertown, New York

I just had to write and let you know that you found the ultimate Beaver in your May 1991 Beaver Hunt. Sexy Lacey is the most stunning female I've ever imagined. I am a centerfold kind of guy, and she definitely has centerfold looks. Her fantasy is thinking about guys jerking off to her picture. I am one man who fully intends to keep working on fulfilling that fantasy.

—S. H.

Ridgecrest, California

For the past ten years I've been a HUSTLER man. My favorite section of the magazine is *Beaver Hunt*. There sure are some great-looking women in each issue. My only complaint is that I haven't seen any Vermont women. How about it, ladies of Vermont? I know you're out there, because I see beautiful women every day. HUSTLER, how about challenging these Green Mountain gals?

—M. N.

Burlington, Vermont

Ladies of Vermont, <u>Beaver Hunt</u> wants you!

CHAMP CHUMP

I'm writing in reference to the articles Diary of a Strip Dancer and Confession of a Stripper's Chump in the April 1991 HUSTLER. I felt bad about the poor stripper girl's tale of woe, but the story of the chump had more truth for me. I can't speak for all the working girls and the guys they meet, but in my experience, go-

go dancers are pigs. You can't trust them. You can protect them and grease their palms, but in the end, you still get fucked.

—J. G.

New Brunswick, New Jersey

FAT CHANCE

I have a suggestion for HUSTLER. Put some big ladies in your magazine. What I mean by big, are ladies weighing 350 pounds or more. If HUSTLER would start putting some big, 400- or 500-pound ladies in it, I'd probably get a three-year subscription. A lot of people like me like big ladies. The bigger, the better. Let the big ladies show pink, for a change!—D. S.

Bessemer, Alabama

MAD FOR ADS

HUSTLER is the greatest magazine going. Your humor is fantastic, your columns are informative, not boring, your video reviews are right on the money, and your photo-spreads are delicious. I absolutely went berserk for Ashlyn and Rocco (Ashlyn and Rocco: Condo Cooze, February '91). Also, I personally enjoy looking at your advertisement pages. Keep up the good work!

— E. H.

Newark, New Jersey

WORD UP

Sure, your pictorials are out of this world and the cartoons are absolutely hilarious, but *Hot Letters* is my favorite HUSTLER feature! I get off on those kinky peeks inside the private lives of all us perverts.

—A. T.

Mobile, Alabama

BLOND VENUS

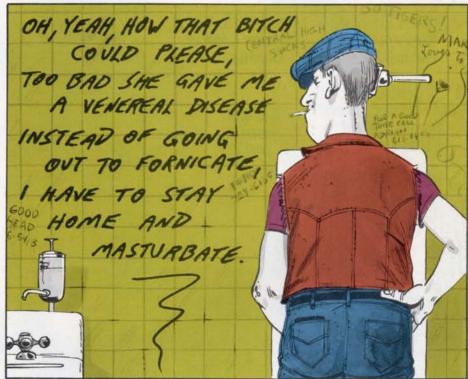
I had to write and thank you for the awesome pictorial of Shawna (Shawna:
Blond Venus, May '91). Why didn't she
get a HUSTLER Honey foldout shot?
Don't get me wrong. It was great to see
her, regardless. I only wish I could see the
look she has on her face on the face of my
fiancee after I've had a rough day (or any
other time, for that matter). Just once is all
I ask for! P. S. Your cartoons are the greatest. Thanks for all the good times, and
keep 'em coming!

— A. H.

Blacksburg, Virginia

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved love-

by Al Hazrad Illustration by Lisette Lugo

THIRTY-SOMETHING MALL SLUTS: PLAY FOR PAY

ast week, three department-store security quards punishment-fucked me in my butt and my face-just for swiping a purseful of Saint Laurent panties." confides 32-year-old Tammi from Denver, Colorado. Then she giggles. "I knew from the start they'd let me keep the panties!"

Tammi's a mall-slut housewife, and she's not the only one. It's the phenomenon of the '90s recession. Countless women like Tammi crowd suburban shopping centers everywhere in America: Housewives who used to fit designer clothes in their shopping budgets, but now have to scrimp and do without, enviously window shopping. A confluence of dismal economic conditions have put vast numbers of eager married twats within the grasp of most any man who knows where, when and how to order them onto their knees.

"I'm not a whore. Whores fuck for money," says Ashley, a 31-year-old housewife from suburban Philadelphia, whose husband just suffered a substantial cut in pay at his bluecollar job in the city. She sits at a soiled, white-plastic table in the fast-food mezzanine of the High Pointe Mall in nearby Willow Grove. Despite her triple-decade age, she's as bouncy as a teenager, not far removed, in fact, from the

> Grove High cheerleader she was back in 1977. In the middle of a sentence, she hops up to retie the laces of her Reebok Pumps. And they weren't even untied.

As she bends over, tight butt cheeks pop out from under a Ralph Lauren, blackkidskin miniskirt. Stiff-nippled titties strain against her peach Guess tube top.

She sits back down in a huff, reapplying lipstick and frowning at the hint of wrinkles on her greed-flushed face.

"I fuck for clothes and makeup," she declares quiltlessly. "Oh-and for CDs. There's a new guy at the Wall o' Sound. If you suck him off in the back of the store, he'll let you pick out two CDs."

> Guys who may not know or care how much skirts and panties cost are bound to know the price of CDs. How

does she explain bringing home these expensive toys to her cash-strapped husband? "It's not a problem," she says, "He hasn't asked. Yet."

In San Diego, California, 30-year-old Carlie parrots the substance of Ashley's position exactly. The only difference is that Carlie's a brunette. "Don't you dare call me a whore," she snaps. "Whores fuck and suck for cash. That's disgusting, and if they get diseases from it, well, they deserve what they get. Me and my friends just happen to have sex with men in exchange for goods and services."

Carlie's Jordache cutoffs are so tight that the precise shape of her pussy lips is etched into the denim. Walkman headphones dangle above the crack of womanly cleavage that graces her freckle-spotted chest. Like Ashley, Carlie is a little girl who grew up but not out of her teenage desire for more clothes, more makeup, more of the cleverly miniaturized electronic devices slyly designed by sneaky Oriental industrialists to briefly capture her microsecond-long attention span. If her husband, whom she dearly loves and is completely devoted to, in sickness and in health, in good times and bad, for better and for worse, just can't in a recessionsquashed economy come up with the moolah to scratch her deep-seated consumer itch, she'll find her own way.

East and West, the story's the same. "Every one of my girlfriends knows where the good stores are," proclaims Lorin, a 36-year-old, raven-haired raver from Maspeth, New York. The good stores? "Yeah. The ones where we can get what we want by having sex." Her heavy-lidded eyes narrow conspiratorially, and she crosses her long, smooth legs with the grace of a killer cat. "All we hafta know is what days the horny guys work in which stores. Like Tuesday is CD day at Woofers. Tony, the manager, practically gives away the store when I come in with a miniskirt and no panties and let him stick it in me on the packing crates in the back. But I don't think of it like I'm doing the deed for fat Tony. I'm doing it for my husband, Kevin. He's got his heart set on the entire Doors catalog. And he's dead broke."

"My old man got laid off from the Manville Corporation," sighs Tammi from Denver. She's got amazing, cobalt-blue eyes and a mane of blond curls. And a braless cotton bodice absolutely stuffed with tit. "Some shit about the Asbestos Trust going bust or something. So Billy tells me with tears in his eyes that we have to economize and I can't buy any new lingerie. Right! Like I'm going to show up for our second wedding anniversary in the same old panties I wore on our engagement. So of course I marched right down to the mall to swipe some." Here, she lowers her voice. A hint of a smile appears on her raspberry lips. "But they must have installed new security cameras in the Wardale's, because this big, bodybuilder doof

(continued on page 43)

NO PARTYLINE MADNESS

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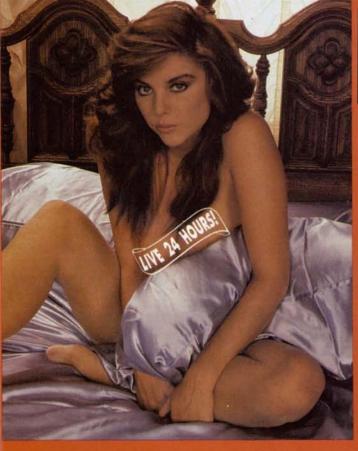
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21.	36-24-36 TM CAPLET ONCHODILATOR (FOR THE TEMPORARY RE EPH	LIEF OF PAROXYS	8.00	16.00		35.00 35.00 2 LOTS OF 500 *
21. BR	36-24-36 TM CAPLET ONCHODILATOR (FOR THE TEMPORARY RE EPH MINI PINK HEART	LIEF OF PAROXYS EDRINE HCL 25 mg	8.00 SMS OF ASTHI 100 CT \$7.50	16.00 MA)	25.00	35.00 2 LOTS
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(continued from page 34)

of a guard snagged me on the way out the door and marched me into a security room. Sat me down,

started a lecture—you know the kinds of power freaks that go in for those kinds of jobs.

"But I'm wise. I figured I knew pretty well how to handle him. I sniffed and sobbed and begged for mercy. My nipples get stiff when I cry, and I was wearing a really tight tank top; so he could see them perfectly, especially standing over me and looking down. So when I said, 'Oh, please, mister, don't have me

arrested. I'll do anything for you, please...' and I squeezed his cock through his pants, well, he didn't have a chance. He was already hard.

"I zipped out his choad and sucked it into my mouth. He twisted his fingers in my hair and humped my face. It's a good thing Billy taught me how to throat down cock, or I'd have choked on the bastard.

"After he face-fucked me, he sort of stiffened up. The next thing I knew, he was pumping lizard juice down my gullet. I let him finish every last squirt. Then I wiped off his dick on my cheeks and got up off my knees. I said, real meek and girly-like, 'Can I please go now, mister? Pretty please?' But the son of a bitch said, 'Sorry, miss. I'm not the only one responsible for that decision.' He snapped his fingers, and what do you know? The door opens, and two more guards stroll in. One was fat and old; the other was skinny and young. So now I was surrounded by three flavors of creep.

"Fat-and-old said, 'Whatta we got here, Mikey, a shoplifter?' And the one I just sucked said, 'Yeah, but she says she's real sorry.' The new one said, 'Yeah? How you gonna *prove* it, honey?' I figured I knew what that meant; so I got back onto my knees and zipped out both their pricks and started jacking.

"Young-and-skinny's no problem. After five pumps of my hand, he grabs my hair and yanks. Before I can even get my mouth around his knob, he scums on my face. Got some in my eye too, and it burned.

"I dove for old-and-fat's woody, lips first. But as soon as I started sucking, he pulled me to my feet and said, 'Nah. I'll go for the other end, doll,' then bent me facedown over the fucking desk, pushing my face into a mess of dirty ashtrays and used coffee cups.

"I'm not exactly sure what he means by 'other end'; so I peek over my shoulder and watch him. The fat bastard spreads my ass cheeks, clears his throat and spits a gob of spit at my bung! I have to give it to him—it's a good shot. The clam splatters right onto my rectum. Rude! Then he slaps the knob of his prick onto my anus and rams his dick up my pooper like it's the Rocky Mountain Tunnel! He thinks he's punishment-fucking me. If Billy didn't

have my ass trained, the creep might've hurt me. I squealed like a stuck pig anyway and banged my fists on the desk. Luckily, he shot in my poop chute nearly as fast as his buddy did in my hand.

"Fat-and-old pulled out. I kept sniffling and crying like the three of them had defiled me. You know how guys act right after they come? These dorks all acted weird and guilty—tried everything to calm me down. I didn't stop bawling until they told me I was free to go home, and I kept sniffling until they told me I could take everything I'd swiped with me. I didn't really turn off the faucet until all three of them dug into their pockets and contributed transportation money. Like 50 bucks apiece. Enough for a cab and a douche to make me clean for Billy."

Occasionally the perpetrators of the sex-forskirts racket themselves fall into scheming hands. Mickey is an unmarried 36-year-old with more money in the bank than most men in Pontiac, Michigan. Wearing a 50-pound grease-and-grits tire around his middle, with long wisps of hair brushed down to hide a receding hairline, bullshit artist describes him perfectly. He clears a clean \$80 grand per annum telemarketing septic-system treatment chemicals to dairy farmers. The only thing that doesn't quite click about him is the fact that he's driving an Aerostar van. He looks more like an Eldorado type.

"I don't know why more guys haven't figured it out. All you gotta do is get 'em where they shop," he pontificates from the parking lot outside the Gold Cove mall. "This morning, I was strolling

through Macy's when my quiff alarm went off. A green-eyed, honey-blond, thirtyish woman, with a mouth smeared with fuck-it-in-the-dark frosty lip gloss and a ring on her finger, was looking at some sweaters. Looking real wistful. Plain as day, she wanted a nice Calvin Klein sweater and couldn't afford it. Tight shorts and high heels made her nice, round heinie tilt up like an open invitation. She was sporting a pair of my favorite type of jugs: large and extra-firm.

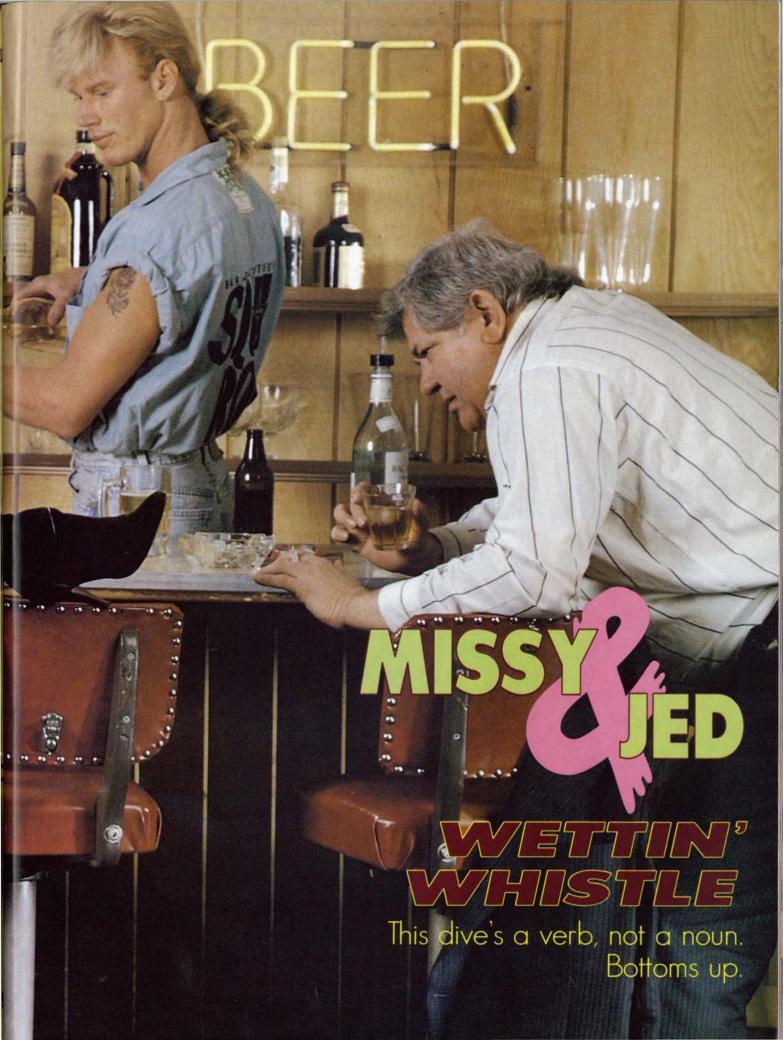
"In a nutshell, I cruised the same rack and told her I was shopping for my niece, who happened to have the exact same figure as herself. Asked for her suggestions, racking up everything she pointed out-all in sizes that'd fit her perfectly. She slobbered herself silly to see my bag stuffed with all the things she wanted most! She came out to the van with me, chatting about nothing-couldn't let that stuff out of her sight. And then I dropped the other shoe. I suggested she could have any item she wanted if she'd model it for me in the back of my van. Before we knew it, my cock was grinding ball-deep in her hot hole, and my tongue was caressing her tonsils. She slipped out with a couple of sweaters. I took the rest right back to the store for a full refund. Not a bad day's work."

So far, the mall scam looks to be the only hustle of the '90s that makes everybody happy. That is, until the husbands get wind of it. When that happens, the sign in the mall window might just be HELP WANTED.



"It's not for me, of course—it's for a friend."











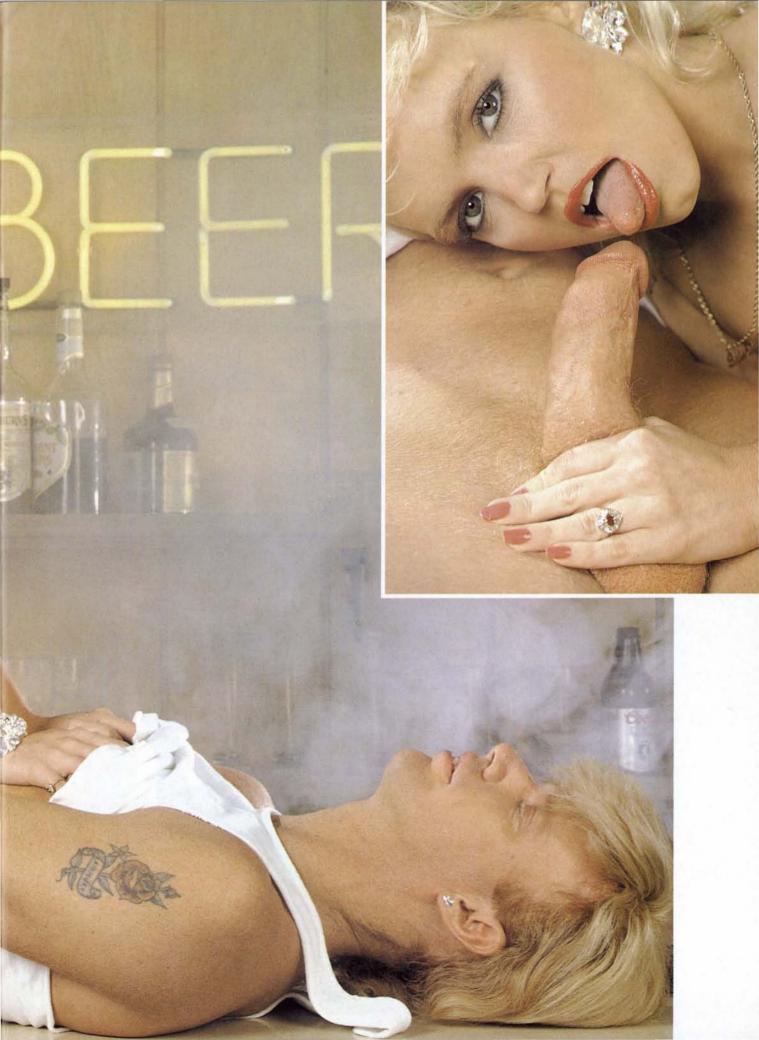


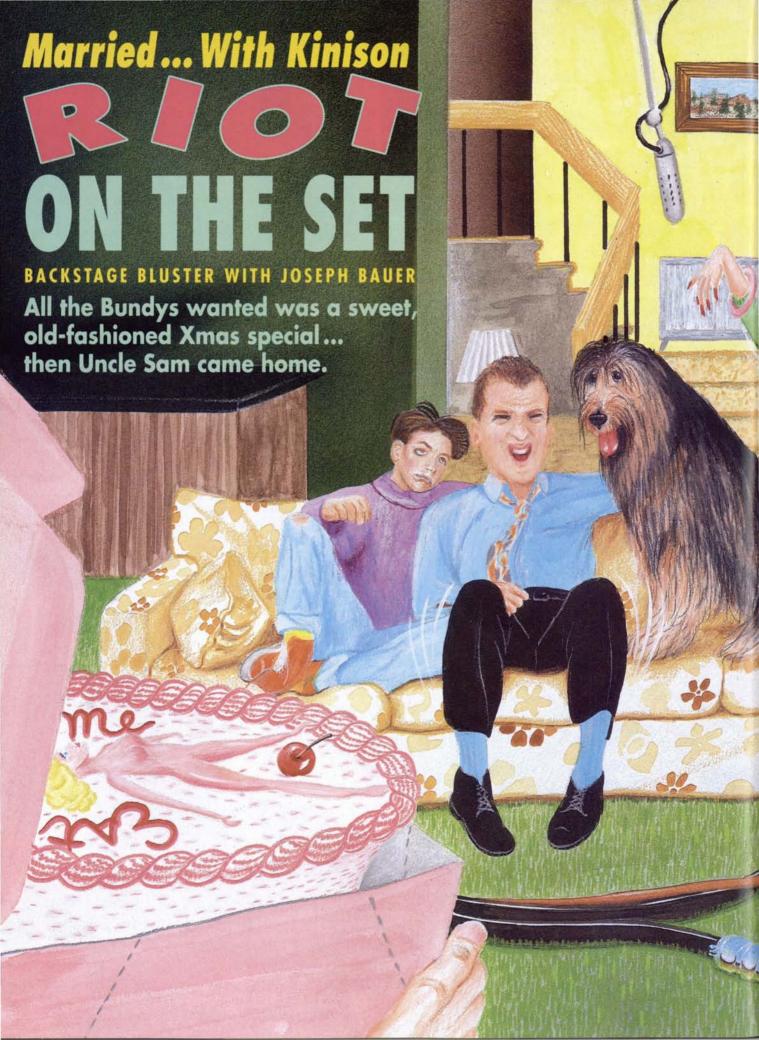


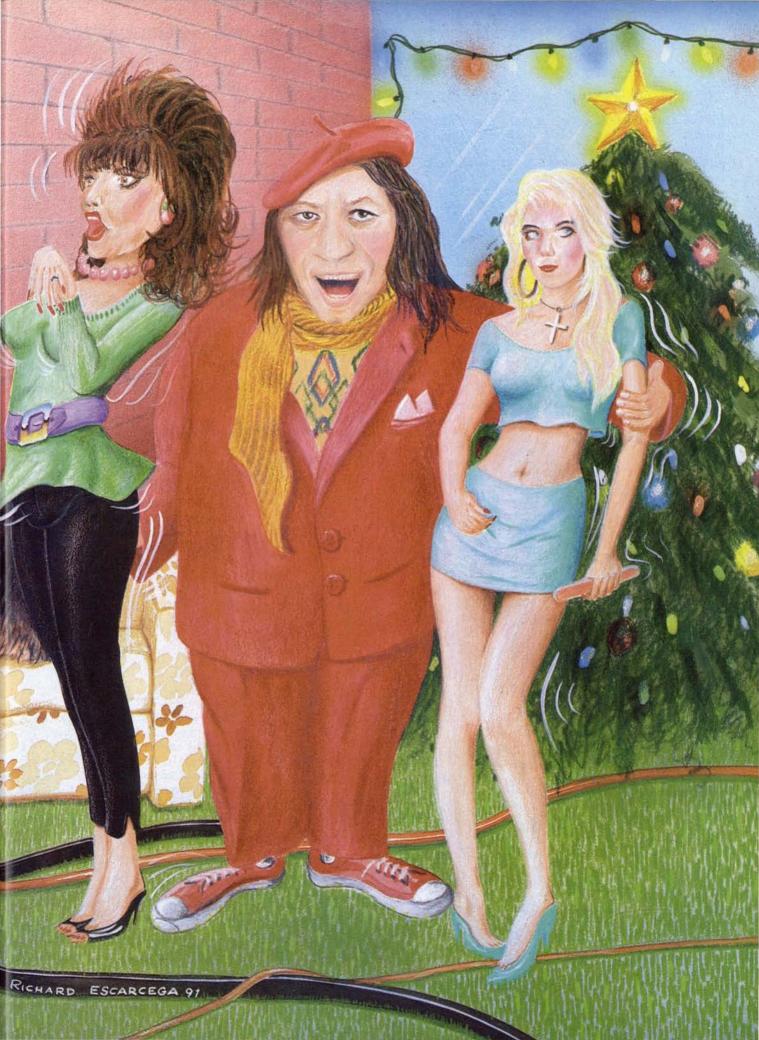












MARRIED...

Christina starts doing exercises. She arches her back, sticking out her bosom. Adrian, the prop guy, notices Christina and stumbles over a chair.

"You can have this. I don't want to finish it."

I pull my battered Honda Civic into my parking space at Sunset-Gower Studios around 11:30 a.m. David Faustino, my student, plays Bud Bundy on the show Married...With Children.

Christina (Kelly Bundy) Applegate pulls her car into the spot next to mine. She says hello to me maybe once every two months. I'm surprised when she walks to where I stand. She hands me a half-filled, plastic bottle of orange juice, saying: "You can have this. I don't want to finish it."

Lackey schmuck that I am, I take the juice from her. Teen Princess turns her back and moves on.

I chuck the juice in a dumpster and follow Christina to the rehearsal hall, where everyone is in good spirits. The show's ratings are high and climbing.

Sam Kinison makes his entrance with entourage of bodyguard/driver, girlfriend/ secretary, friend/gofer and friend's wife/ alternate gofer.

Sam, about 5-2 and maybe 200 pounds, shoulder-length hair and sporty beret, is

manic, animated, hyper! He takes a seat at the long table set aside for cast and announces: "Hi! I'm Sam Kinison, and I'm an alcoholic!" Everybody laughs.

One of the executive producers, Ron Leavitt, greets us with the news that Married...With Children is the second most popular program in its time slot, beaten out for first place by some show with actress Ann Jillian. Ron says not to worry, Ann Jillian doesn't have breasts anymore; so her show's ratings will definitely drop. (Ms. Jillian recently had a radical mastectomy.)

Some of the people in the room laugh.

The title of this week's show is "It's a Bundyful Life." Al Bundy, played by Ed O'Neill, considers suicide but is dissuaded by his guardian angel, played by Sam Kinison.

Last night's episode was a rerun. In it, Bud gives himself hickeys using a vacuumcleaner nozzle, which he holds up to his neck. Ironically, David shows up with a real hickey, a territorial marker bestowed on him by his girlfriend.

Katey Sagal, who plays Peg Bundy, entertains with details of her weekend. The high point was a session with a psychic who did a past-life reading for her. According to the seer, one of Katey's past lives had been as a Chinese boy.

Director Gerry Cohen is a big L.A. Raiders fan. He talks football on Mondays. The Raiders beat the Denver Broncos, the victory iced by quarterback Steve Buerlein completing several passes to tight end Mike Dial.

Gerry, sitting next to Steve Buerlein at an L.A. Kings hockey game last week, had told him that he must—must—start passing to the tight end.

"We live on the edge anyway."

I get to work at 9 a.m. and do about an hour of schoolwork with David. We go to the rehearsal hall. Everyone sits around until almost 10:30, waiting for Sam Kinison to show up. His call time was 10:00.

Gerry Cohen gets on the phone and calls Sam's manager, who tells him that Sam is tied up with root-canal surgery and will be "just a little bit late for work."

Gerry comments that this story is hard to believe. He had seen Sam the night before at the China Club, drinking, dancing and having a ball. "He didn't appear concerned that he had to get up early to have major dental work."

Ed O'Neill suggests we get a backup actor on hold just in case Sam flakes and never comes back.

I notice Christina staring off into space, daydreaming or air-headed. Recalling the generosity of the juice, I decide to seize this opportunity to add ever more warmth to our relationship. I walk to where she sits and say, "Good morning, Christina!" She replies, "Uh-huh."

We continue marking time, waiting for Sam. Ed and Katey sing Christmas carols. Eleven o'clock rolls by. Still no Sam. Michael Moye (co-executive producer) enters the rehearsal hall.

"We're in trouble," Michael says. "If Sam doesn't show, it's going to be hard to replace him."

Katey says, "Well, it's just another week of fun on *Married...With Children*. We live on the edge anyway."

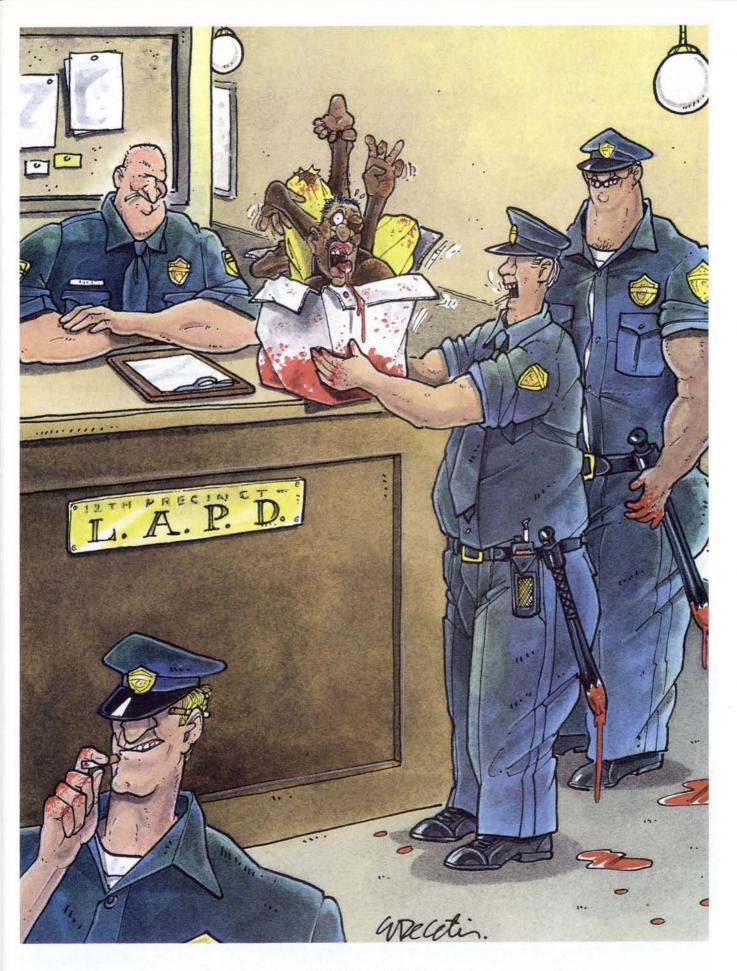
Meanwhile, Christina starts doing stretching exercises. She stands straight and arches her back, sticking out her ample bosom. I spill my coffee. Adrian, the prop guy, gives me a dirty look; so I dry the floor with paper towels. Then he notices Christina and stumbles over a chair.

If Sam doesn't arrive in ten more minutes, Gerry will call off rehearsal for the day and work longer tomorrow. About Sam, Gerry says, "I'm sorry for all the extra work that motherfucker is causing you."

"What are we going to do now?" Ed asks Gerry.

"Well, for the next few minutes, we're





"Book him, Dan-O!"

MARRIED...

Sam bursts onto Stage 9, where Married...With Children tapes. He belts out a chorus of, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry fucking Christmas, boys and girls!"

going to sit here and wait for that cocksucker," is the answer.

No Sam. No rehearsal. We leave at 11:30.

"Okay, who wants to spank me?"

David and I do schoolwork from 9 to 10 o'clock. Then, we walk to the rehearsal hall, into a perfect re-creation of yesterday's scenario. Still no Sam Kinison. Everyone, cast and rehearsal crew, sits around waiting for the "fat rascal."

For the next half hour, names of possible replacements for Sam are bandied about.

At 10:45 a.m., shazammmmmmmm! The door flies open, and Sam enters, the proverbial, whirling dervish. He wears a black-silk suit and a red, sleeveless jersey. Red shoes a-foot and red beret a-head.

Sam apologizes profusely to everyone for being late and for missing yesterday's rehearsal. He walks the room, introducing himself to all.

"Okay, who wants to spank me?" Sam shouts. No one accepts his offer.

Hovering around Sam are his bodyguard/driver, his secretary/nutritionist, his personal comedy writer and his girlfriend.

In the center, whipping up this swirling whirlpool of humanity, is Sam, splashing around at a suspicious level of animation. His tank seems to have been topped off with high-octane fuel, the exact composition of which only Sam and his alchemist know.

Kinison announces that he is going to work really hard on the show, and we won't be sorry to have him around.

The rehearsal begins. Five minutes later, Sam interrupts things to share an important

"Ann Wilson, you know, from the rock group Heart, performed at the Roxy last night! She was killer! Great, great performance! She came to my house after the show. Oh, God, and she lied down on the floor, and there I was standing over her, looking down! Phew!"

Ed and Katey sing an impromptu duet of the Aaron Neville song, "Tell It Like It Is."

"Hey, lunch is on me!" yells Sam as the clock strikes noon.

Sam instructs his assistant to phone Chasen's (an ultra-chic, ultra-costly, Beverly Hills restaurant) to place a to-be-delivered lunch order for 15. An hour later the

A scene in this week's show has Al Bundy's guardian angel, Sam's role, patting Peg Bundy on the butt. During rehearsal, Sam sticks his hand between Katey's legs, instead of doing a light buttpat. Sam's other hand grabs Katey's cheek, not the one on her face.

show, Friday night."

until 3 a.m.

Katey politely asks Sam not to do the goose-and-cheek-grab move again. Of course, Sam ignores her plea and repeats every move, laughing naughtily.

Chasen's crew arrives and sets up a feast.

party for the cast and crew at Spago [an-

other snooty showbiz eatery] after the

Spago and books the entire restaurant for a

private party to be held from midnight

Upon Sam's orders, the assistant phones

Says Sam, "Everybody's being so nice to me that I'm going to throw a 'wrap'

Sam wants to play a cassette tape of his comedy album, Leader of the Banned. The fact that no one has a cassette player daunts him not in the least. Sam merely sends bodyguard/driver Gene to "buy the biggest, bad-assed boom box in L.A.'

Twenty minutes later, Gene marches into the rehearsal hall carrying a blaster that must weigh 100 pounds.

Sam starts blasting his comedy album. It's so loud that Tony (Who's the Boss) Danza, rehearsing in the next hall down, sends someone over to relate his displeasure with Sam's megadecibels.

Sam turns up the volume even louder.

Everyone anticipates a Tony Danza/ Sam Kinison duke-out, but Ed O'Neill's cooler head prevails. Sam is convinced to lower the volume to human level.

Bodyguard Gene shows off his customized, "police defender, spring-loaded truncheon," a wild head-smacker that springs open with the flick of a wrist.

"I'm going to get one of these for everybody!" shouts Sam. He sends Gene out to buy 15 truncheons.

Before long, ever-faithful Gene returns and hands out truncheons all around.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

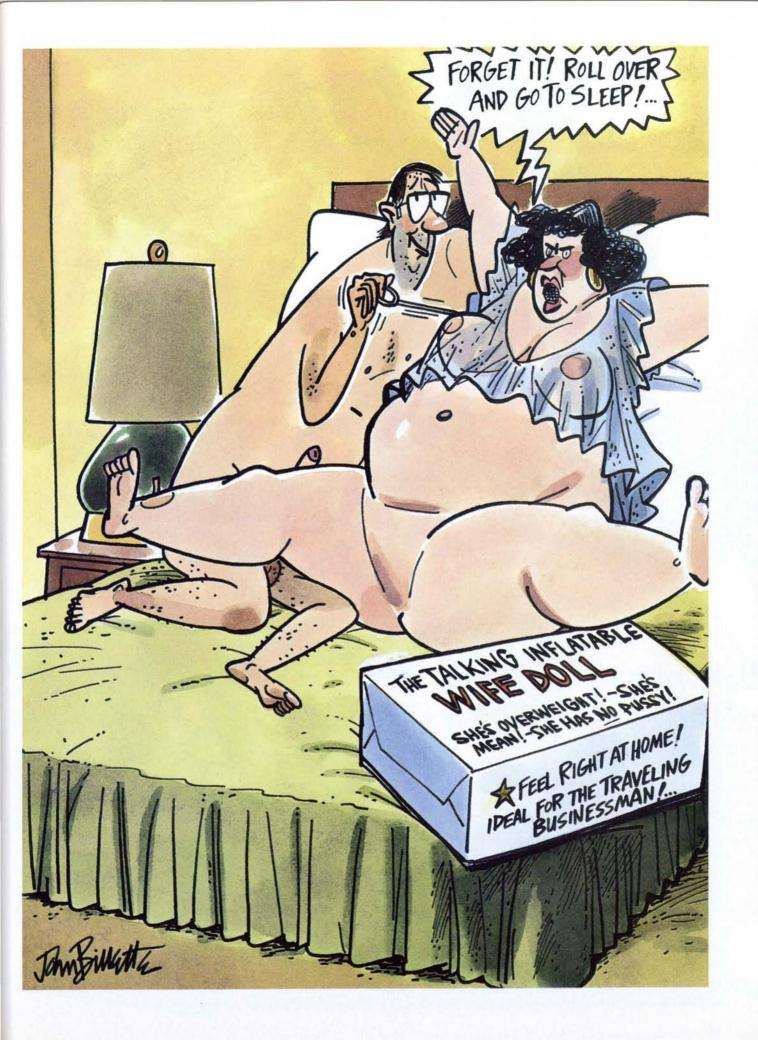
Today, Thursday, is the day when Gerry works with the cast and camera crew to set up a shot list and block for the actual taping of the show, which takes place tomorrow night. Thursday's work is crucial if things are to go smoothly on tape night. Everyone sits around for close to half an hour waiting for Sam.

He bursts onto Stage 9, where Married...With Children tapes. Sam belts out a chorus of, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry fucking Christmas, boys and girls!" He's decked out in seasonal finery: red beret, red-silk suit and red basketball shoes.

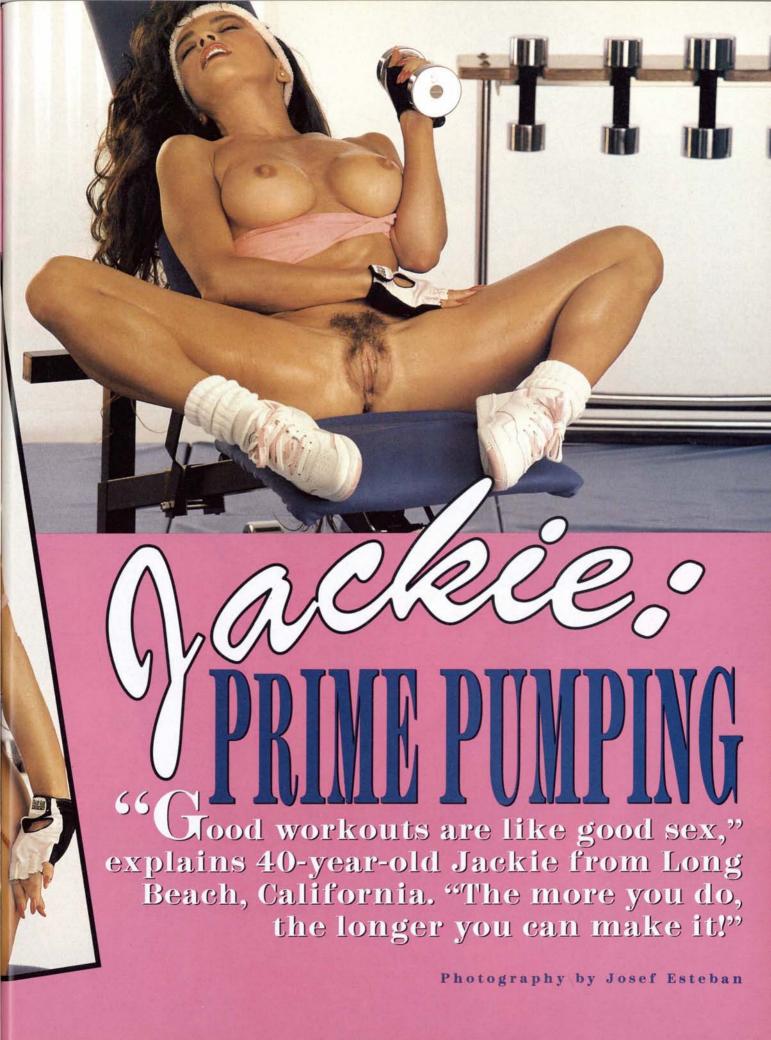
(continued on page 64)



"Even if I knew 'Smack da Bitch and Fuck Her Up the Ass,' I wouldn't play it!"

















VARRIED (continued from page 56)

"Do you fucking believe this?" Sam shouts to the audience. Those of the audience who aren't Kinison fans really don't fucking believe it.

After a couple hours of work, Sam announces in his usual "hushed" tones that he's already ordered lunch for everybody, cast and crew. Fifteen minutes later, lunch arrives, catered this time by Chin Chin of Beverly Hills. To entertain during the Asian Western Rim feast, Sam has booked a trio of belly dancers.

The belly girls dance around the lunch table, veils and scarves billowing, hips heaving, bellies bouncing, boobs bobbing and finger cymbals clanging. It's a wild scene! Something out of Sinbad or Shahrazad. Ed and David dance with the girls.

Gracious Sam tips each girl \$300 cash for her 15 minutes of dancing.

No sooner do the girls depart than a dessert cart is wheeled into the stage area. During the small talk over chocolate mousse, strawberry shortcake and ice cream, Sam asks David what he wants to do with his life once *Married...With Children* is over for keeps.

"I'd like to be a director."

"You ought to consider doing standup comedy. Do you want to know how much I make doing stand-up?" "If you really want to tell me."

"My biggest payday was last New Year's Eve in Las Vegas. I made \$134,000 for three hours of work!"

Everyone goes, "Oooooooh!"

"Who wants to go to the China Club tonight to watch the Leonard-Duran fight?" Sam asks.

About ten people raise their hands. Sam has his assistant line up limos and reserve space at the China Club for his new pals.

"Eat me!"

Sam comes to work a little late, 15 minutes, his best. He botches a few lines, but all in all doesn't do badly. Everyone has high hopes for a great show.

At 4:30, the cast meets with the producers and writers for a critique of their performances during the rehearsal day. New lines of dialogue are handed out to the actors. Sometimes lines are cut from the script, if they're not working.

Sam asks Ron and Michael if they can take a survey of "entertainment requests." Everyone in the room has been invited to Sam's after-the-show wrap party at Spago.

"Let me see by a show of hands how many people in this room do cocaine." No hands go up.

"Hey, I didn't expect you to come right out with it. No problem; I'll try to find a contact, and I'll see what I can do.

"Oh, yeah, I've got an announcement to make. Today's my birthday, and the party is for that too!"

The dress rehearsal is held in front of a live studio audience at 5:30. It goes pretty well. Sam doesn't forget or blow any lines.

After the cast and crew dinner, Ron and Michael present Sam with a birthday cake. A Barbie doll spreads her legs on top of the cake. Between Barbie's legs is written, "Eat me!"

Sam gleefully accepts the cake and eats Barbie.

The "tape" show (the one to be broadcast) is outrageous.

"Do you fucking believe this?" Sam shouts to the audience when he first appears in front of them.

Those of the audience who aren't Sam Kinison fans (particularly the women and children) really don't fucking believe it.

In attendance for the Married...With Children Christmas Special are the upper echelon of executives from Columbia Pictures Television, which owns syndication rights for the show; Fox Broadcasting, which produces the show for affiliates of the Fox Television Network; former boxing champ Jimmy Ellis; heavyweight boxing contender Tony Morrison; and L.A. Raiders tight end Mike Dial, Gerry Cohen's designated receiver.

Sam satisfies everyone who's expecting raucous and bizarre behavior. He ad-libs often and unbuckles his pants, getting ready to moon the cast. Katey stops him from going all the way.

Most of the crowd cheers Sam's frenzy, which reaches new heights as he goes into an extended, impromptu monologue. He rants and raves about his life, getting meaner and meaner by the second, then shifts to making derogatory comments about the Married... With Children cast.

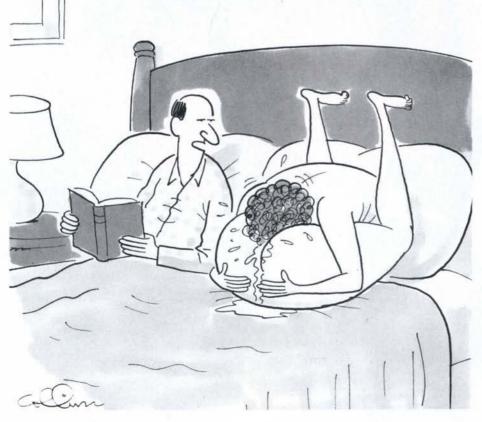
"And here's David Faustino. Did you know he was a drug addict? He just got out of a drug-rehab center."

Sam treats those who care to listen to his rendition of a few Christmas carols: "I saw Mommy fucking Santa Claus."

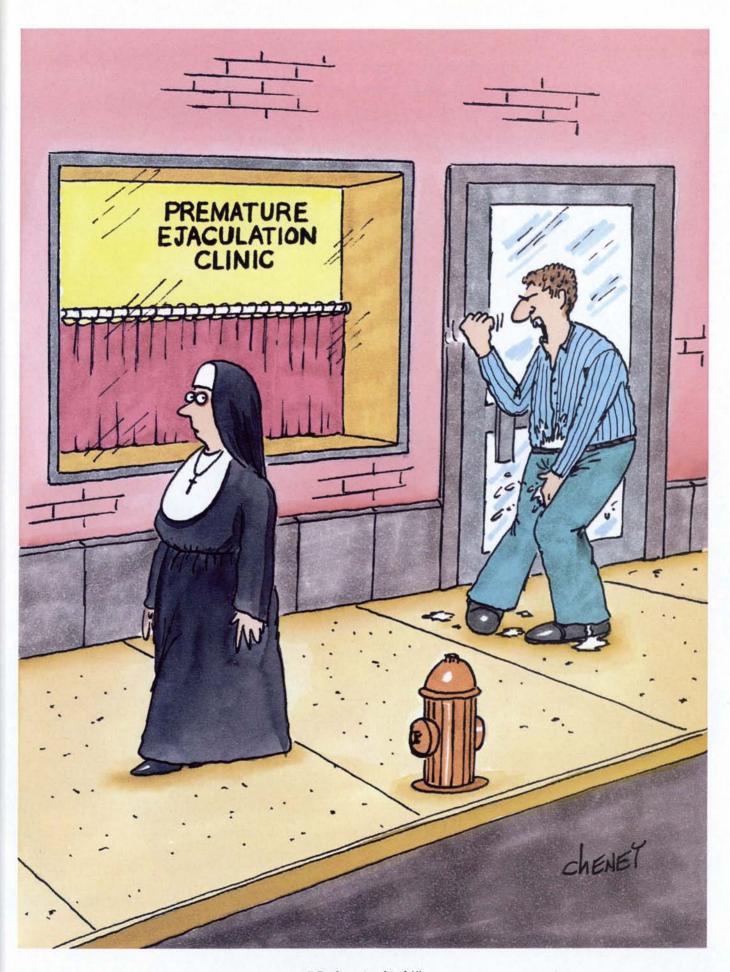
In "It's a Bundyful Life," the angel, Sam, says to Al Bundy, "If I can save you, then I'll get my wings. Do you know what that means, Bundy? It means that I get the girls who die young!"

Sam's version: "Do you know what that means, Bundy? It means that I'll get to fuck dead girls!"

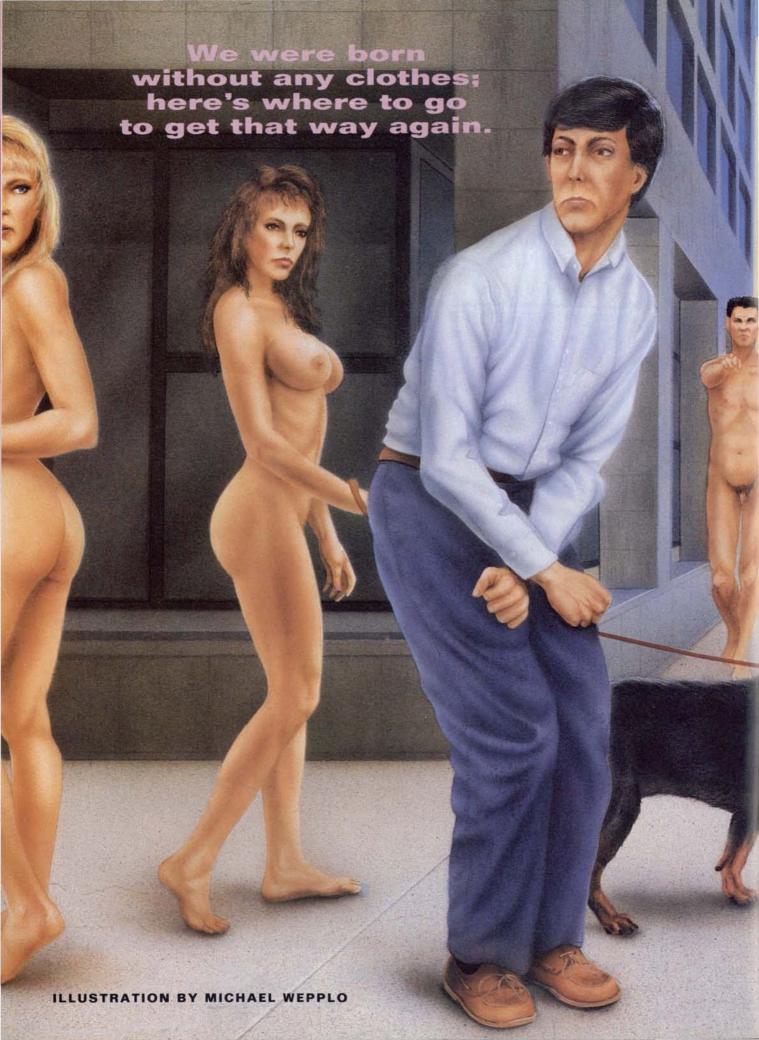
And then he can tip them \$300 after he's done.

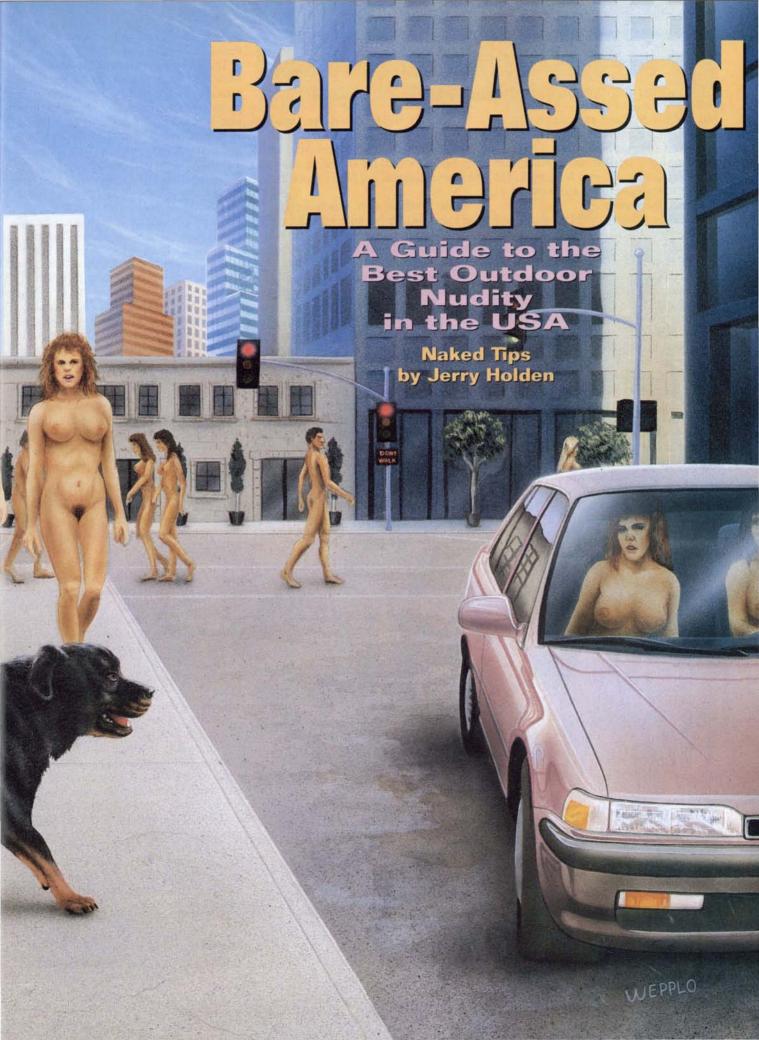


"Don't bother getting up-I'll get my own beer."



"Cockteasing bitch!"





A nude beach attracts sexually open chicks, and even couples looking for a threesome. However, be polite and circumspect.

Bill Stoltz hadn't been expecting a change of luck. In a pensive mood, having just dumped a nagging witch of a girlfriend and shot her dog, Bill had taken to the seashore, setting off on a long walk. He wanted solitude, fresh air and a chance to think and hate women.

He climbed down embankments, skirted outcrops and headed for the most remote, inaccessible stretch of coastline he could find. Rounding a stack of rocks, Bill jumped down, resolved to never look at another scag bitch again, and lifted his head.

Rising up out of the surf, two blond maenads strolled hand in hand, their saltmatted hair falling across their laughing faces. They smiled directly at Bill, as if they thought he was a nice guy. But the really weird thing was that the sea nymphs were stark naked, without as much as a stitch of seaweed covering their natural beauty.

"I must be high," exclaimed Bill. Looking farther down the beach, he spotted a crowd of nude sunbathers, men and women, lolling in the warm rays as if nothing were untoward. "That's it," Bill decided. "The woman has driven me insane. I'm seeing things."

In actuality, Bill had not stepped into the Twilight Zone. He had merely stumbled across one of America's remaining nude beaches. He stayed the afternoon, has been back several times, and likes women again.

In the good old days, skinny-dipping in the local swimmin' hole was the norm rather than the exception among rural Americans. After all, swim trunks and bathing suits had not been invented yet. Prudish dress codes for the beach didn't come into force until the Victorian era, and organized and unorganized nudists have been fighting the cover-up ever since, with mixed results.

The nudist movement started in central Europe in the '20s and has been overwhelmingly successful there: In most European countries, naked sunbathing and swimming are perfectly legal.

Here in the States, the popularity of nudism peaked in the '70s, on the coattails of the hippie era, and has suffered a depressing decline ever since. The reason: harassment and legal prosecution of nude swimmers and sunbathers, even just

topless women, at public sites by yokels across the country.

The federal government, however, and some state governments, take a hands-off attitude toward nudity. But just like in pornography, community standards prevail. Wherever the feds do not have police authority, county sheriffs and municipal police chiefs enforce local dress codes on everybody in the territory.

So, unfortunately, "free beaches"-public waterfront lands where frolicking in the nude is tolerated—are few and far between in this country. However, a great number of commercial nudist resorts exists all over.

Theoretically, any beach is a nude beach, given the right circumstances. All navigable waters are under federal jurisdiction, and so are all ocean beaches. But in reality, the feds only police parklands themselves and delegate law enforcement elsewhere to local agencies. Be very careful not to offend anyone, and don't get busted. A pair of loose-fitting shorts and a towel should be within arm's reach at all times.

Nudity is good for the body and the soul. Medical science knows that not only do the ultraviolet rays of the sun disinfect the skin, killing bacteria and viruses, but that, to have a strong immune system and a balanced psyche, the body needs to be exposed regularly to the visible spectrum of light. Vitamin D is formed in the human body only when it's exposed to sunlight.

Rich people just build high fences around their backyard swimming pools and sun terraces. The beautiful people go naked on their yachts to Martinique and get seamless suntans. Poor slobs such as ourselves have to grab any opportunity wherever we can.

Some great beaches are remote and secluded enough to make it possible to take off clothes and let the sun shine where puritan belief says it never should.

The first time on a nude beach might be a bit embarrassing, like going to a strip joint alone. Bring a few friends, or a girl, even if she swears she won't take her

Many of the guys at a nude beach appear to be gay. Live and let live. Just as a gay bar often is a great place to pick up liberated females, a nude beach attracts sexually open chicks, and even couples looking for the third person in a threesome. However, be polite and circumspect. A good percentage of conservative, nudist hardliners insists that nudity and sexuality are totally separate. On a first visit to a nude place, just observe and enjoy the sun and the view. Somebody will approach and get involved in a conversation. Volleyball, surfing, body painting-all kinds of activities might be going on. Participate after asking permission to join.

(continued on page 78)



"Geezus, son, you need a girlfriend...real bad!"



"Eyes front, pervert!"

















BARE AMERICA (continued from page 68)

It's easy to talk a girl into a day at the nude beach. Tell her she doesn't have to take off her suit. Once there, she'll feel silly wearing anything.

It's easy to talk a girl into a day at the nude beach. Just tell her she doesn't have to take off her swimsuit. Once there, she'll feel silly wearing anything. If she doesn't loosen her bikini strings, dump her.

Some organized nudists insist that nudity is not sensuous. That, of course, is misinformation. The novelty will wear off, but not the eroticism. Seeing a bronzed, stacked, trim female strutting her stuff in the altogether is highly arousing—to both sexes. The most powerful boner-building, however, is an eyeful of a handsome couple getting it on in the nude in public. Unfortunately, this thrill is a rarity. Kissing, necking and petting do happen. At that point, the official nudist literature pontificates, "responsible" nudists should politely stop the couple from continuing their foreplay.

A healthy, normal male will sometimes get aroused to the point of erection. Don't be ashamed, but don't flaunt it either. Turn onto the stomach and let it go away naturally. If afoot, put something on. Naturist czar Ed Lange of Elysium Fields has simple advice of what to do with an erection: "Enjoy it!" About peeping Toms: Sunbathers along the Florida National Seashore report a famous airship making frequent, low-altitude sightseeing trips along remote nude beaches on their way to the stock-car speedway at Daytona.

Usually, however, voyeurs stay on the ground. They are recognized by their clothing. The more repressed and perverted they are, the more they wear. The most bothersome are the hordes of Latinos hanging on the cliffs of Southern California nude beaches. Feel sorry for them. They come with the territory and usually are harmless.

Keep a keen lookout for overdressed undercover cops carrying walkie-talkies, and posses of middle-aged housewives patrolling the beaches. On the West Coast they are easily spotted clambering down the cliffs, but on the flat shores of the Atlantic they sneak up through the dunes. Other suspicious activities are low helicopter flights and cop cars cruising the parking areas.

Law-enforcement folks love to make nudist arrests: They come easily, without violence, and make great publicity, especially during election years. Most nudists forfeit their bail (about \$60) and never go to court. When they do, their cases are usually dismissed to prevent higher courts from hearing them, with possible permissive end results.

To play it really safe, go to an organized nudist resort (they don't call them camps or colonies anymore). Located in all parts of the country and in many places around the world, they come in all levels of luxury. Some are nothing more than campgrounds for nudists; others are full-service resorts with luxury condo suites for rent or sale. Others give themselves the air of spirituality, human-growth centers and such.

All these places have stringent codes of conduct, many enforced by uniformed and armed guards. The people visiting these places tend to be middle-aged to old. The prices of admission can be exorbitant. A luxury hotel is cheaper than what some of these places charge to pitch a tent or park an RV. Many do not admit single men. The few we've listed do and are also very laid back and friendly.

Use lots of suntan lotion with a high blocking factor. A sunburn on the glans penis or a girl's nipples is highly unpleasant. Bring plenty of liquid, preferably nonalcoholic and low in sugar. Water or isotonic sports drinks are best, but avoid glass containers. Nutritious snacks will be appreciated by any new acquaintances. Ocean air makes people hungry, and the nearest restaurant or convenience store will be far away. Have a large beach towel and a smaller one for occasional protection from the sun. Take out any trash brought in.

Pale Northerners should not take in more than 30 minutes of sun exposure on the first day out. Rig a sun canopy or tent for the rest of the time. Wear a hat.

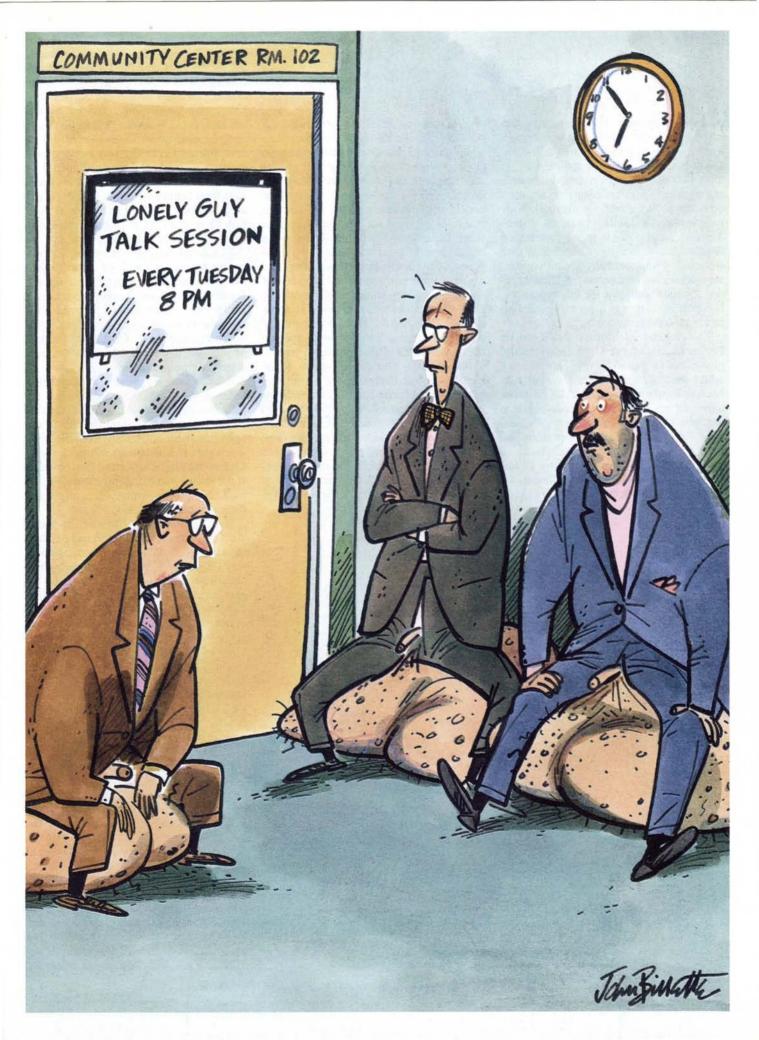
The Best Nudist Sites in the USA:

This is a subjective listing from the author's own experience, which is admittedly limited. Unexplored are the West Coast north of California, and Hawaii. Physical and legal situations change with the seasons. Always check it out before dropping trou.

La Jolla, California: Black's Beach is the most famous and beautiful nude beach in the continental USA, located just seaward of the University of California-San Diego campus, a few miles north of San Diego (*Thomas Guide*, page 34, A5). Take I-5 to Genesee Avenue, west to North Torrey Pines Road, south one long block, turn west at GLIDER PORT sign (Torrey Pines Scenic Drive—Public transport SDT Bus 41 stops here). There's plenty of free parking at Glider Port. The trail down to the beach is to the left and very steep, but it's partially paved and secured by handrails. Bring good hiking shoes and leave that heavy



"It's amazing how some women respond to even the mere suggestion of anal sex!"



BARE AMERICA

A normal male will sometimes get aroused to the point of erection. Don't be ashamed, but don't flaunt it either. Turn onto the stomach.

cooler chest behind. The scenery is breathtaking, descending about 300 feet through a narrow glen to the wide, three-mile-long, sandy beach covered on good days by up to 25,000 people, most naked. Lifeguards are on duty. There are plenty of activities on summer weekends-volleyball, body painting and modeling contests. Attendance by local coeds is sparse (unattached females present look more like faculty than students). There are many Latino voyeurs, some of whom crawl across the Tijuana border 25 miles south just for this experience. Nevertheless, this is a prototypical free beach: no dress code, no charge, no hassles.

Los Angeles, California: Palos Verdes Peninsula, Portuguese Cove (a/k/a Smugglers Cove or Sacred Cove). This area is a secret jealously guarded by L.A. naturists because of many logistical and legal problems, but it's the only real nude beach in the area (Thomas Guide, page 77, E3). Take Palos Verdes Drive either from San Pedro north or Redondo Beach south to Abalone Cove City Beach. Park for \$5 and walk a mile, past Wayfarers Chapel, almost to the Peppertree Drive bus stop (Public transport: RTD bus from LAX airport and San Pedro might be wiser than taking the car). Never park along the road or on private property; they will tow or vandalize any car believed to belong to a nudist. Look for the two trails down to the beach: the left one goes to the straight beach, or go right for gay company. The short, moderately steep hike down to the beach requires good shoes but is not dangerous unless slippery from rain. The beach consists of a quarter-mile crescent of coarse sand and pebbles and is very photogenic, with rocks and tide pools at either end. No lifeguards. Occasional nudity busts, but trouble can be easily spotted coming down the cliffs. Season: all year.

Playa Linda, Florida: Just north of the Kennedy Space Center on the barrier reef between the Atlantic and the Banana River Lagoon. Take Route 406 almost to the north gate of the NASA compound, turn left to the ocean and park in the last parking area. Take the wooden trail down to the beach and walk north about half a mile or until nudity is encountered. By boat, launch at the drawbridge over the Intracoastal Wa-

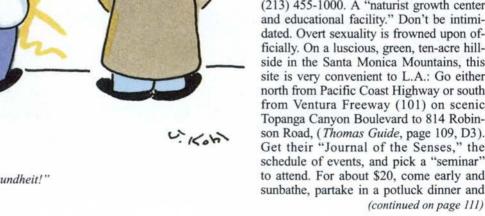
terway off the scenic road from Oak Hill to the Space Center. Go east along the markers for the restricted NASA area, hit bottom and wade ashore. The beach will be one-eighth mile across the barrier reef. This area is usually quite crowded by nudists and people with swimwear. Use discretion; the county sheriff likes to fill his arrest quotas here. On some weekends, lookouts with whistles are positioned at the access trails. Don't rely on them. Raids start from behind the dunes with 4x4 vehicles, breaking all the environmental rules. Lots of voyeurs. More privacy is available toward the northern end of this area at:

Canaveral National Seashore, Florida: About ten miles south of New Smyrna Beach on the narrow barrier reef separating the Banana River Lagoon from the Atlantic. Drive to the end of the road. Park and hike about one mile south, looking for the first naked butts. This 30-mile stretch of pristine, undeveloped beach has been preserved thanks to the space program-it's a security area for possible rocket debris. Caution: the county occasionally raids this paradise. The location can be approached by shallow draft boat from the lagoon side or by beachable catamarans from the ocean when surf is low. Check nautical charts. Closest boat-launching ramp (not paved) is at the Indian Mound at the entrance of the park. No public transport, camping or overnight parking. Season: all year.

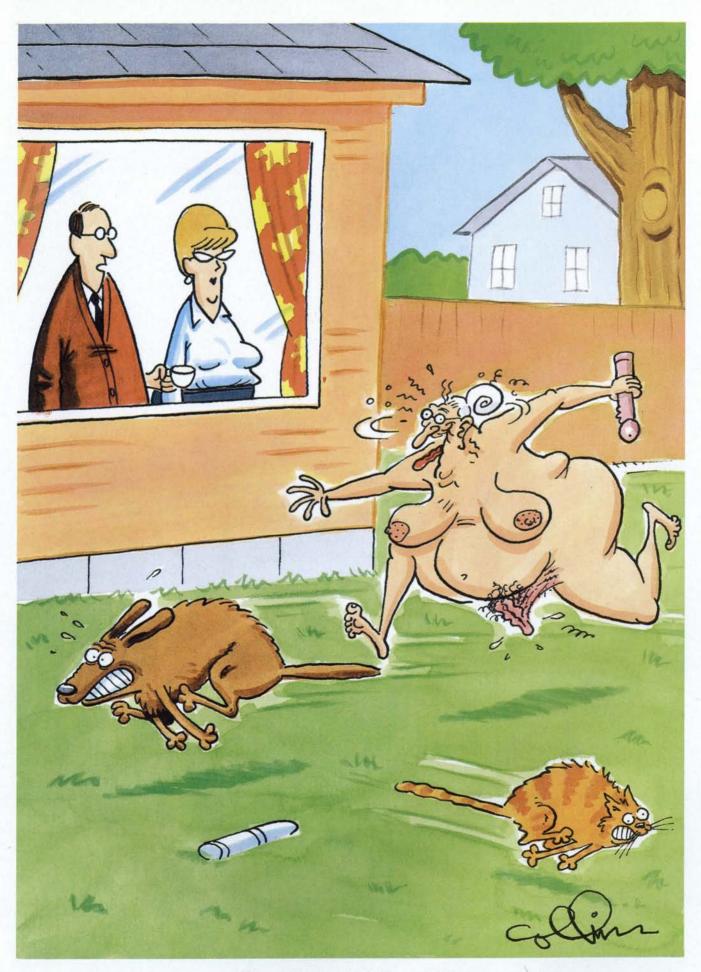
Bahia Honda Key, Florida: On one of the Keys islands, at the north end of Bahia Honda State Park on the Overseas Highway (Highway 1, Public Transport: Greyhound bus Miami-Key West stops at the gate on request). Beyond the wilderness camping sites is a privately owned stretch of beach where local law enforcement usually does not intrude. Park in the northernmost lot and walk a few hundred feet until reaching bare genitalia. The state park and nudist area is very popular with New England swingers. At night, overt sexual activity has been observed. It's a narrow, sandy beach, with coral offshore. Season: all

year; best: November to April.

Topanga, California: Elysium Fields, (213) 455-1000. A "naturist growth center and educational facility." Don't be intimidated. Overt sexuality is frowned upon officially. On a luscious, green, ten-acre hillside in the Santa Monica Mountains, this site is very convenient to L.A.: Go either north from Pacific Coast Highway or south from Ventura Freeway (101) on scenic Topanga Canyon Boulevard to 814 Robinson Road, (Thomas Guide, page 109, D3). Get their "Journal of the Senses," the schedule of events, and pick a "seminar" to attend. For about \$20, come early and sunbathe, partake in a potluck dinner and







"Mom really misses Dad, doesn't she?"

melina···

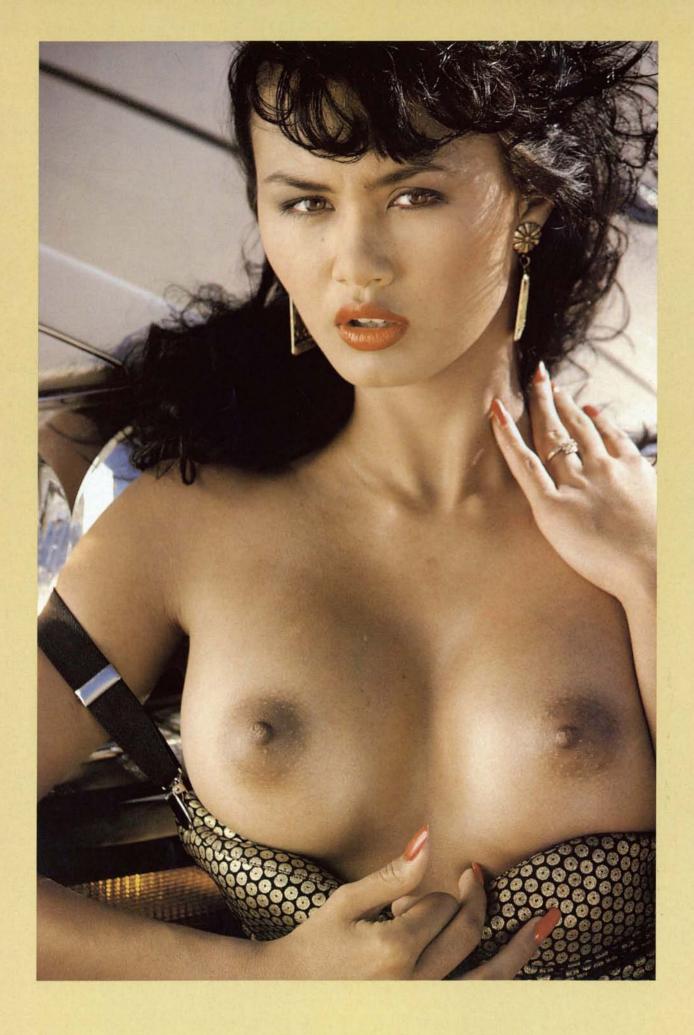


--SAVAGE GRACE

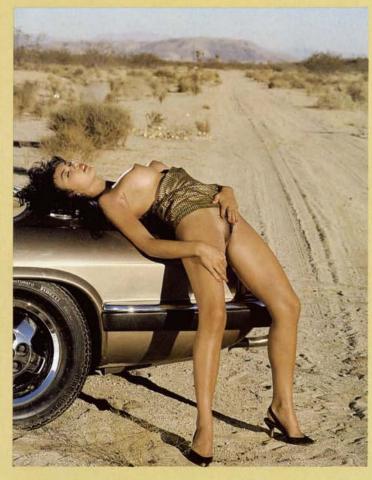
"City life ties me up in knots,"
growls 21-year-old Melina, a fashion
consultant from Tempe, Arizona.
"Every now and then I
don't care where I go — I just gotta
feel the wind between my legs."

Photography by Matti Klatt

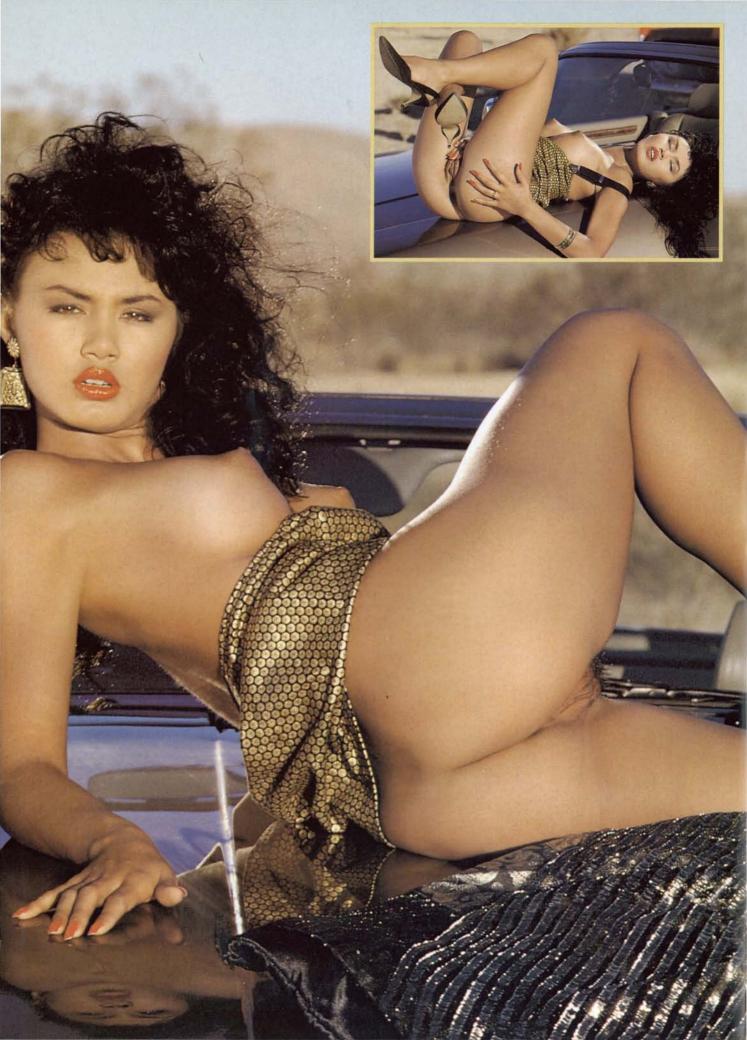








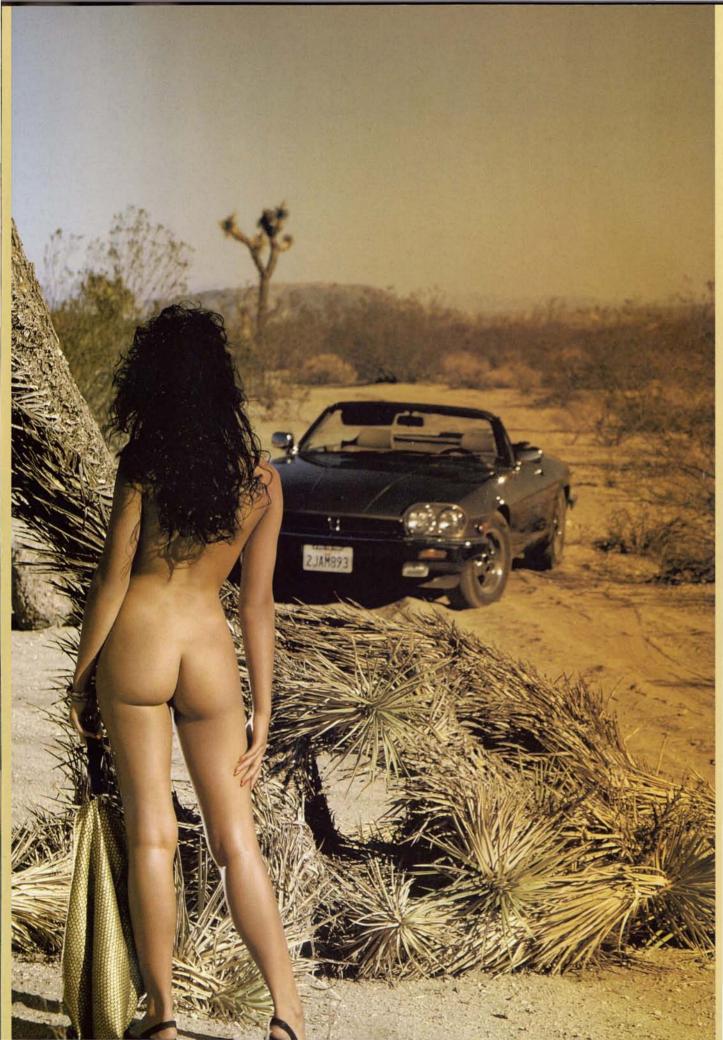


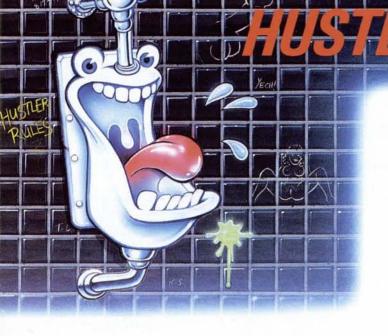












After much soul-searching and having determined the husband was infertile, the childless couple decided to try artificial insemination. When the woman showed up at the clinic, she was told to undress from the waist down, get on the table and place her feet in the stirrups. She was feeling rather awkward about the entire procedure when the doctor came in. Her anxiety was not diminished by the sight of him pulling down his pants.

"Wait a minute! What the hell is going on here?" yelped the woman, pulling herself into a sitting position.

"Don't you want to get pregnant?" asked the doctor.

"Well, yes, I do," answered the woman.

"Then lie back and spread 'em," replied the doctor. "We're all out of the bottled stuff—you'll just have to settle for what's on tap."

Question: What can an impotent man and a frigid woman accomplish in bed together?

Answer: A bilateral freeze.

Two men were standing at adjacent urinals when one glanced over at the other and said, "I'll bet you were born in Newark, Ohio."

"Why, that's right!" said the second man in surprise.

"And I'll bet you were circumcised when you were three days old."

"Right again. But how did you...."

"And I'll bet it was done by old Doc Steadman."

"Well, yes," replied the astonished man, "but how on earth did you know?"

"Well, old Doc Steadman always cut them on a 60degree angle," explained the first man, "and you're pissing on my shoe."

a couple was having a heated argument over money. "If it weren't for my money," the wife exploded, "this TV wouldn't be here! If it weren't for my money, that easy chair you're sitting in wouldn't be here! And if it weren't for my money, this house wouldn't be here!"

"Look, you stupid bitch," her husband snorted, "if it weren't for your money, I wouldn't be here!"

A crowd gathered on the yard at Folsom Prison, where a wild-eyed white man was jumping up and down on a manhole cover, energetically shouting, "Twenty-eight, twenty-eight!" Finally, one huge black guy was unable to restrain his curiosity. "What you doin' dat fo'?" he roughly questioned the jumper.

"It really relieves tension and cools you out—why don't you try it for yourself?" replied the white man.

So, somewhat reluctantly, the black man started jumping up and down on the manhole cover. Just as he was getting into a rhythm, the white guy pulled the cover out from under him, and the black man tumbled down into the hole.

Quickly replacing the cover, the white guy started jumping up and down again, joyfully shouting, "Twenty-nine, twenty-nine!"

question: What do you get when you cross an agnostic, an insomniac and a dyslexic?

Answer: A guy who lies awake all night wondering if there really is a dog.

A prosecutor was working late in his office when the devil suddenly appeared and offered him a deal.

Beginning instantly, Satan said, the lawyer could win all his cases, become the most prominent prosecutor in the entire country, make three times as much money, work half as long, be idolized by his office workers, be taken care of by a beautiful, sex-starved secretary, marry the woman of his dreams and live a long, happy life. "All I want in exchange," the devil continued, "is your soul."

The attorney considered the offer. "So," he asked suspiciously, "what's the catch?"

uestion: What would happen if Santa Claus were Jewish?

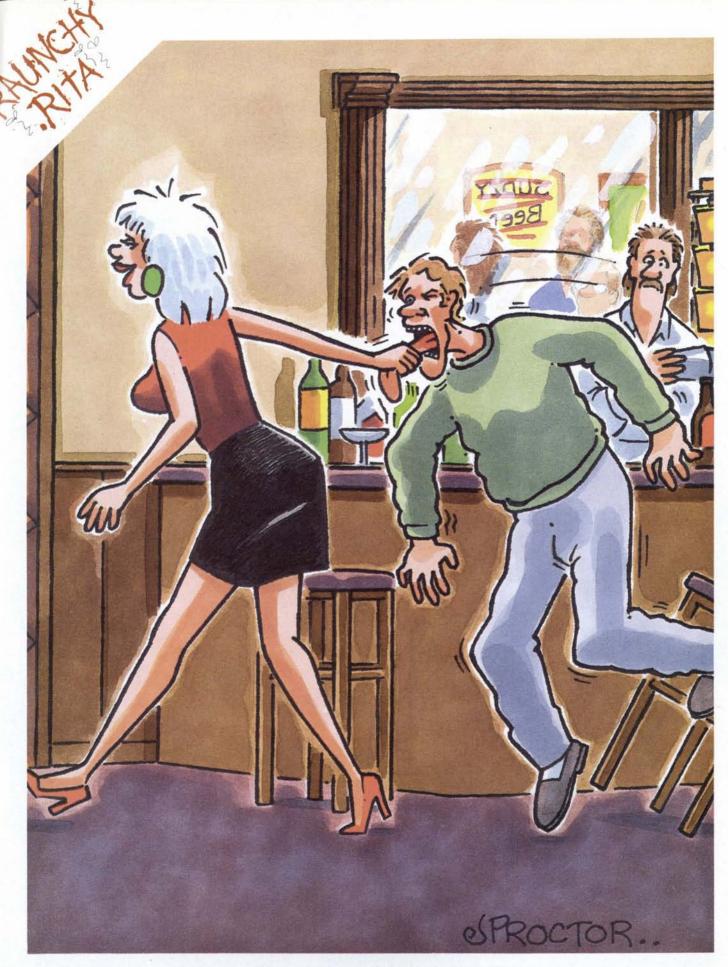
Answer: Presents would come c.o.d.

Learning that he had a rare disease for which the only cure was mother's milk, Mr. Grayson took out a personal ad to find a nursing woman. Much to his delight, a woman responded almost immediately. After agreeing on a price over the phone, he went to her apartment.

As it happened, Mr. Grayson had especially soft lips and an active tongue. After about five minutes of nursing, the woman was beside herself with passion. "Is there anything else I can offer you?" she huffed and puffed.

"If it's not too much trouble," answered Mr. Grayson, "do you happen to have any cookies?"

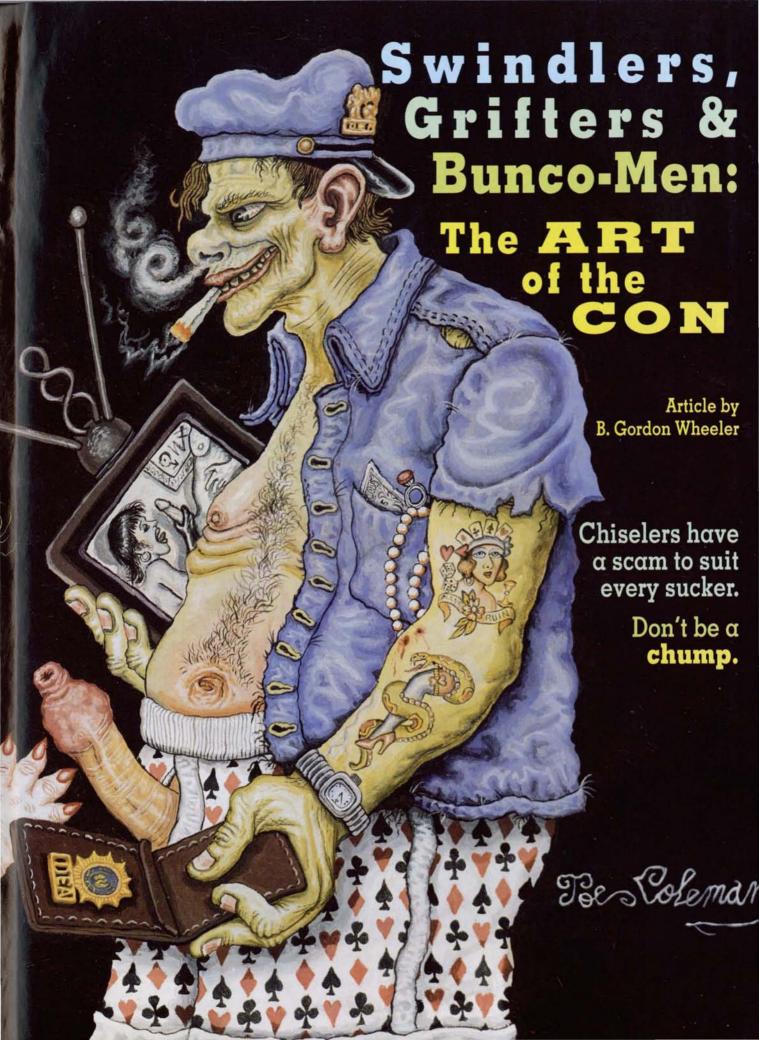
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.



"Come along, sport—you've got pussy to eat!"







CON MEN

"I'd worked the scam for \$210 when this lady—she had to be in her early 60s—offered to suck me off. One of the best blowjobs I've ever had."

[Editor's Note] Anyone tempted to try one of these scams as a way to make some taxfree scratch, remember that the sources of this article are all experts in the bunco field—and the experts are all in prison. Aside from indefinite incarceration, occupational hazards facing amateur grifters include beatings, stabbings, being shot, humiliated, stripped and robbed. The con man has no friends and can trust no one. His own family wants nothing to do with him. He is one step up from a panhandler. He takes his talents and sells them short, never seeing that he is ultimately more deceived than any pigeon he bilks. He has whored his gifts.

If any profession rivals prostitution as the world's oldest, it is bunco.

"We've been screwing unsuspecting citizens for as long as hookers have been screwing johns," boasts bunco pro Ron Staggs.

Legend has the ancient Greeks resorting to bunco—a wooden horse filled with soldiers—to rescue Helen of Troy. Today, con games run the gamut from Three-Card Molly and Short Change to Potato Pitfall and Waylay. Con artists brag that each scheme is as effective as the fabled Trojan Horse.

"The Potato Pitfall scam has netted me as much as 300 bucks in one day," crows Staggs, "virtually risk-free."

Potato Pitfall is a swindle that plays off the mechanical ineptitude of women. "Elderly ladies are prime targets," says Eddie Blake, a 32-year-old con man who first ran the scam when he was 14 years old, "but it works on younger broads too. And," he points out, "the scam does not necessitate a lot of meticulous groundwork."

Unlike Rental Relief and Ready Reward, both of which require a financial investment and preparation, Potato Pitfall calls for only two essentials: a potato—"A large russet works best," according to Staggs, who admits to having run the scam in 11 different states—and the parking lot of a shopping mall or grocery store.

With potato in hand, the well-groomed con artist—"Appearance is everything," advises Blake—cases the parking lot, ferreting out his victim or mark. More often than not, the mark is an elderly lady who parks her car in a well-traveled area of the

lot. A busy area is preferable, Staggs explains, because "women are less apprehensive when they're approached in front of witnesses—and Potato Pitfall requires considerable contact with the mark."

Once the mark has entered the mall, the con man enters the parking lot, unobtrusively shoves the potato into the mark's exhaust pipe, then retires to an inconspicuous location and awaits her return.

"I look for other marks while waiting," says Blake.

After the mark returns to her car, the con man watches as she tries to start the engine. "It won't turn over until the potato's removed," promises Staggs, "and that's where the sting comes into play."

The con artist approaches the mark's car, utters some sort of comment about engine trouble, and simply asks if he can be of assistance. Observes Blake: "A statement along the lines of, 'Sounds like an airflow problem with your exhaust system,' works well because it implies mechanical expertise." In most instances, the mark will accept the con man's offer of assistance.

"The trick is to tinker a bit," counsels Staggs. "Check under the hood, under the frame, that sort of thing. Make comments about how expensive mechanics can be—especially if a car has to be towed to the shop for repair. Get the mark to thinking about the hundreds of dollars she may have to spend."

Several minutes will pass before the con man slyly removes the potato. The mark, anticipating an expensive autorepair bill, sees it saved when the con artist gets the motor started. "It is with noticeable relief," gloats Blake, "that the mark offers to pay me for my trouble—anywhere from \$5 to \$25."

There is at least one other form of payment as well.

"It happened in front of a department store," says Staggs. "I'd already worked the scam for \$210 when, in lieu of cash, this one elderly lady—she had to be in her early 60s at least—offered to suck me off. She sat behind the wheel, and I stood beside the car, the door opened to block the view from the department store. It was one of the best blowjobs I've ever had."

Equally effective, but significantly more rewarding than Potato Pitfall, is a cheat known to con artists as Waylay.

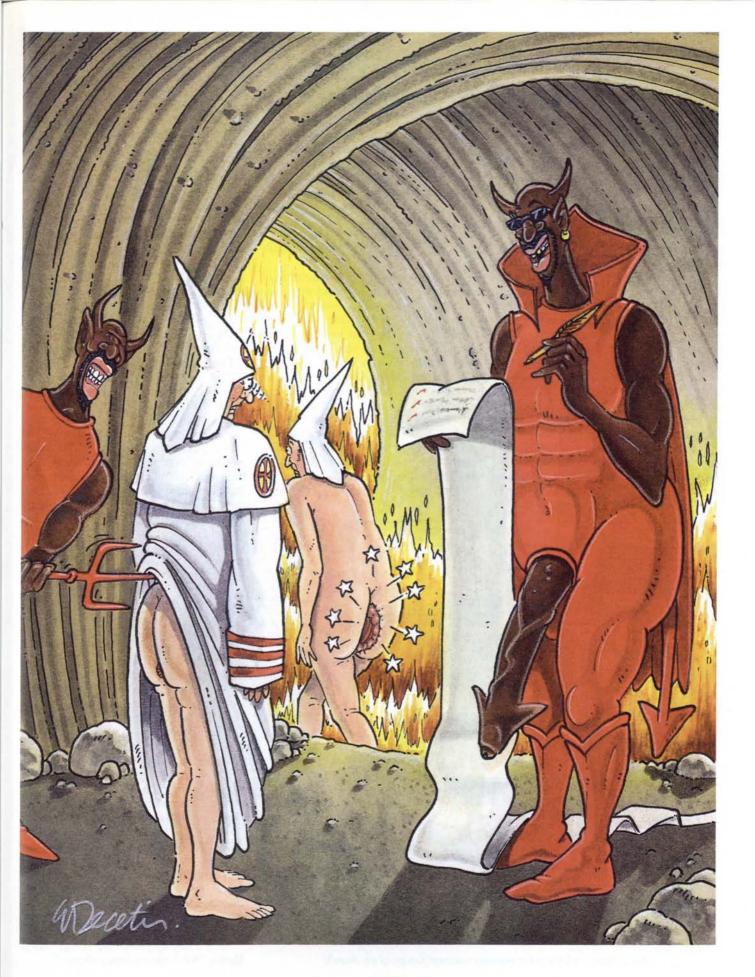
"Whenever I was in need of transportation," claims Thomas Hillhouse, "I ran the Waylay scam."

Unlike Potato Pitfall, which plays off the mark's gratitude and is intended to result in a financial payoff, Waylay capitalizes on a sucker's blind trust and is designed to result in the acquisition of a motor vehicle.

"Waylay is as easy as Potato Pitfall,"



"Is 'Pussy' your real name or just a nickname?"



"Welcome, asshole "

CON MEN

"I've had people give me their car keys and tip me a few bucks at the same time—just because I was wearing a valet-parking vest."

claims Hillhouse, who gave up bunco in order to pursue a career in leathercraft at a state-run reeducational institution. "In fact, it's probably easier, although the initial financial investment is a bit higher than for Potato Pitfall."

As with the potato scam, Waylay requires two essentials: a valet-parking vest—"Vests can be purchased at almost any uniform shop," says Hillhouse—and a semisecluded restaurant that does not provide valet parking.

Sporting a valet-parking vest and a 15¢ nameplate, the con man lurks near the entrance to the restaurant's parking lot, waiting for some unsuspecting citizen to relinquish possession of his or her vehicle. "Restaurant patrons surrender their cars," says Ray Fontillas, a Chicago native who plans to focus his college thesis on con games. "Didn't P. T. Barnum say something about a sucker being born every minute?"

Fontillas, who was raised in Hawaii, recalls island bunco specialists conning female tourists out of their panties. "It was a game," he smirks, "and the tourists didn't have a chance. These broads no sooner stepped off their planes than they stepped out of their panties." The female tourists believed they were surrendering their panties to a native Hawaiian tailor who, as a gesture of welcome and goodwill, would use the panties to fashion an authentic, form-fitting grass skirt.

"You'd be amazed at the number of broads who gave up their panties," recalls Fontillas.

Even more amazing is the number of people who give up their automobiles. "I've had people give me their car keys," laughs Hillhouse, "and tip me a few bucks at the same time—just because I was wearing a valet-parking vest."

Con artists who run Waylay, including Hillhouse and Patrick Allen (who says San Francisco and West Hollywood are ideal for the scam), make tens of thousands of dollars from sales of the cars given to them. Hillhouse, who once worked with an auto-theft ring in Miami, says he would be given a car and have it sold before the mark had finished eating.

"Hot-wiring is out of style," pooh-poohs



"Sir, please—I have other patients waiting! Let go of my thumb!"

Allen, "and unnecessary. If you want a car, just buy a valet-parking vest and stand at the entrance to a restaurant's parking lot. It won't be long before some sucker drives up and tips you to take his."

Fontillas sheds light on a more devastating consequence of being duped by a Waylay artist: "The mark's home is vulnerable to burglary," he points out, "because the con artist has the mark's house keys, which are normally attached to the same ring as the car keys, and the mark's home address, which is listed on the car's registration slip. While the mark is enjoying dinner, the con artist simply drives to the mark's home and steals everything of value."

Unlike Potato Pitfall and Waylay, Rental Relief requires a substantial financial investment—"it can take \$1,500 to \$3,000 or even more, depending on the area," estimates bunco-man Brian K. Harris—and several days of preparation. The scam runs from three to four weeks before it's concluded.

"As its name suggests," says Harris, who has used Rental Relief to make as much as \$35,000 in 22 days, "the scam revolves around rent."

Rental Relief is relatively simple. The con artist rents a house—"The scam works best in middle- to upper-class neighborhoods," comments Harris—and moves in. Shortly thereafter, he places an ad in the classifieds listing the same house for rent. As an incentive for prospective renters, the ad indicates that the owner (con artist) is asking only for the first month's rent, rather than first, last and security deposit.

"Renters flock to the house," exults Harris, "because they see a savings—Rental Relief—of hundreds of dollars."

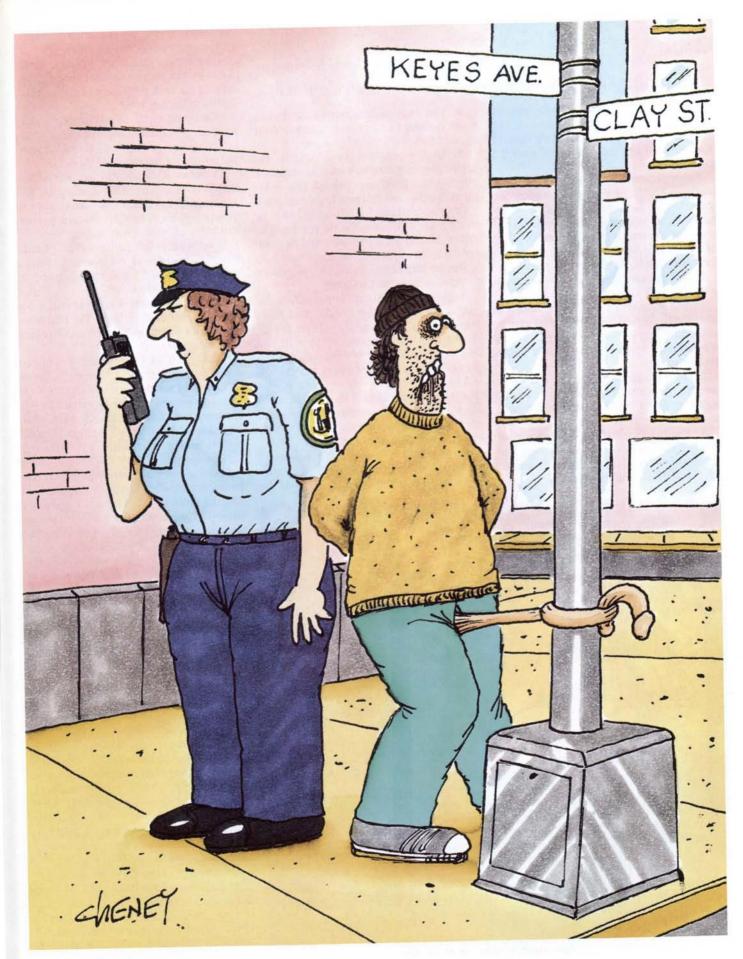
. A rental agreement—"Blank forms can be purchased at any office-supply store," points out Harris—is signed, and the con man accepts the first month's rent.

Then comes the scam.

"The person renting the house is told he cannot move in until the first of the month," Harris explains, "which, normally, is three or four weeks away. Usually I tell the mark that my new home won't be ready for occupancy until that time." Since the mark is saving so much money, he voices no objection. The first of the month is fine. "I then spend the next three or four weeks renting the house again and again," crows Harris, "each time collecting the first month's rent."

Harris claims to have rented one house to 42 different people, collecting the first month's rent—\$475—from each. Total take: \$19,950. He vacated the house on the 28th day of the month—three days before 42 renters arrived to take occupancy.

"It's a highly profitable scam," brags Harris, "but it takes a little patience."



"One suspect in custody...send the wagon."

CON MEN

"The idea is to trick the broads. Tell a hooker she'll have to give up money, and she'll be givin' up pussy faster than you can unzip your fly."

Profitable, too, is a scam known as Ready Reward.

Observes Patrick Allen: "Ready Reward is a two-man con game that plays off the mark's greed."

Ready Reward, a collaboration between two con artists, is designed to trick the mark—a service-station attendant—into believing he will receive a substantial reward for the return of an expensive piece of jewelry or valuable coin, believed to have been left at his place of business.

Ready Reward unfolds in seven basic steps:

- 1. One member of the bunco team, immaculately dressed and driving an expensive luxury car—"Lincolns and Cadillacs work well," opines Allen—pulls into a service station.
- 2. As the attendant fills the tank with gas, the driver walks to a nearby phone booth, makes a telephone call and returns to the car.
- 3. The driver, flashing a large roll of bills, pays cash for the gas, tips the attendant—"A \$10 or \$20 tip is wise," advises Allen—and drives away.

- 4. The second member of the bunco team, dressed like a bum, staggers into the phone booth vacated by the driver.
- 5. From a predetermined location, the driver phones the service-station attendant, claims to have left an expensive ring in the phone booth, and offers a huge reward—"Anywhere from \$1,000 to \$2,000 or more," says Allen—for its return. The driver then tells the attendant that he is involved in an important board meeting from which he cannot be absent, but will return to the station within two hours.
- 6. As the attendant approaches the phone booth, the bum "finds" and takes possession of the ring. He refuses to surrender it to the attendant or to wait two hours to share in the reward, saying he's going to take it to a pawnshop and get \$50 to \$75 for it.
- 7. Unable to convince the bum to relinquish possession of the ring, the attendant, hoping for a huge reward for its return, buys the ring from the bum.

Allen admits to having run the scam in several counties throughout California: "I've had attendants take cash from the till to buy a ring from me for \$500." The rings, of course, are fakes.

Like Potato Pitfall and Waylay, Ready Reward can be run several times a day, and its success depends upon the acting ability of the con artists.

"Ready Reward," says Allen, "is simply a matter of conning the mark into really believing he's going to receive a substantial reward for the return of the ring."

"Whether it's Potato Pitfall, Rental Relief, Waylay or any other scam, good acting is vital," says Fontillas. "And most con artists put on Academy Award performances—especially bunco cops."

In addition to free coffee and doughnuts, bunco cops can, with good acting, obtain a variety of commodities—including sex.

Explains Fontillas:

"One of the marks I interviewed, a 24year-old redhead, claimed she had been duped into screwing a bunco cop working the Chicago area.

"According to the redhead, the bunco cop—he was wearing a uniform believed to have been stolen in a burglary of a Chicago uniform shop—arrived at her apartment and flashed a search warrant. 'It looked real,' she told me. He then 'frisked' her, placed her in handcuffs and 'searched' her apartment.

"During his search, the bunco cop discovered a small amount of cocaine and told the redhead she was under arrest for possession of narcotics—a felony. He then went into his act, vividly describing the dangers and perils of jail and prison. When the redhead started to cry, envisioning herself being incarcerated, the bunco cop offered her a deal: He'd just confiscate the cocaine and forget the whole thing—if she went to bed with him.

"Said the redhead: 'I let him fuck me.'

"She later discovered several items—purse, credit cards, jewelry, cash—missing from the apartment, along with the cocaine, and contacted the Cook County Police Department to complain. She learned she had truly been fucked—the entire episode had been a scam."

Con artists have developed a variety of ruses wherein the payoff is expected to be sex—including Health Hazard, a scam run on female employees of massage parlors.

"A cop's uniform is not needed," insists Staggs. "Instead, you need only a clipboard, a preprinted questionnaire and a few business cards identifying you as an agent of the State Department of Health."

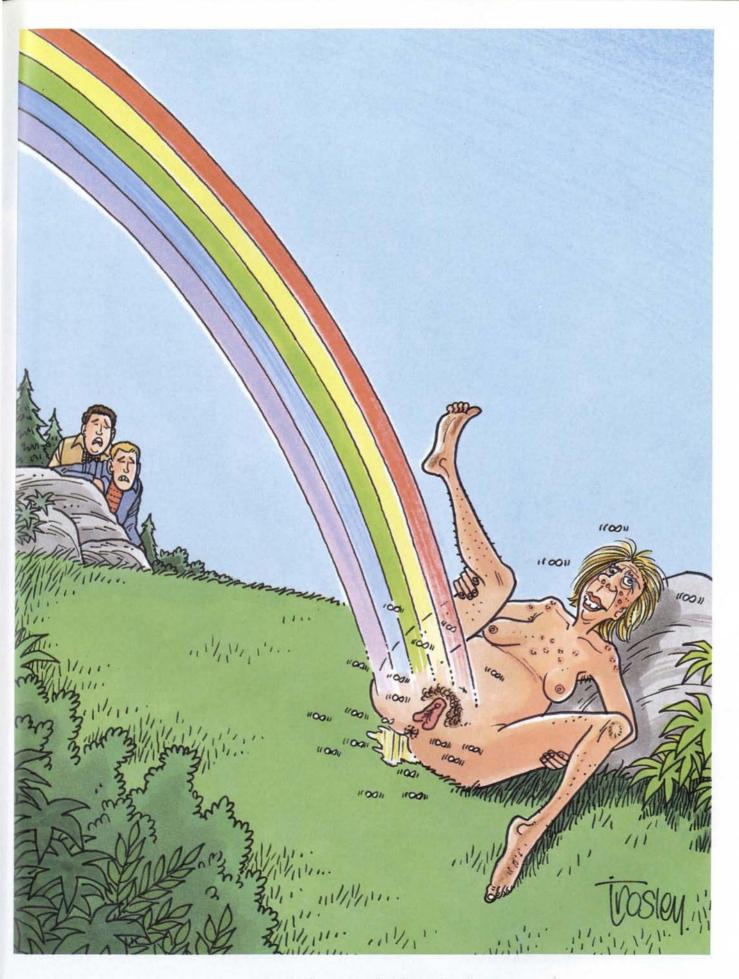
Like virtually all con games, the success of Health Hazard depends upon the acting ability of the con artist.

Says Staggs: "The idea is to trick the broads, most of whom are prostitutes, into believing they have violated several sec-

(continued on page 111)

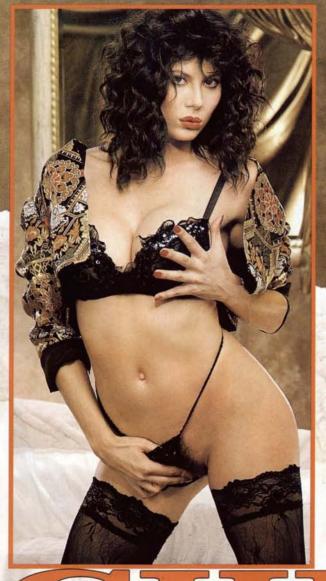


"I hate working when I'm on the rag."



"Must be the wrong end of the rainbow!"







CHITA SQUENT

"Some cats stay in heat for months at a time," whispers 22-year-old Chita, an executive secretary from Youngstown, Ohio. "That's me. I got a constant itch. No man has ever stayed inside as long as I wanted."











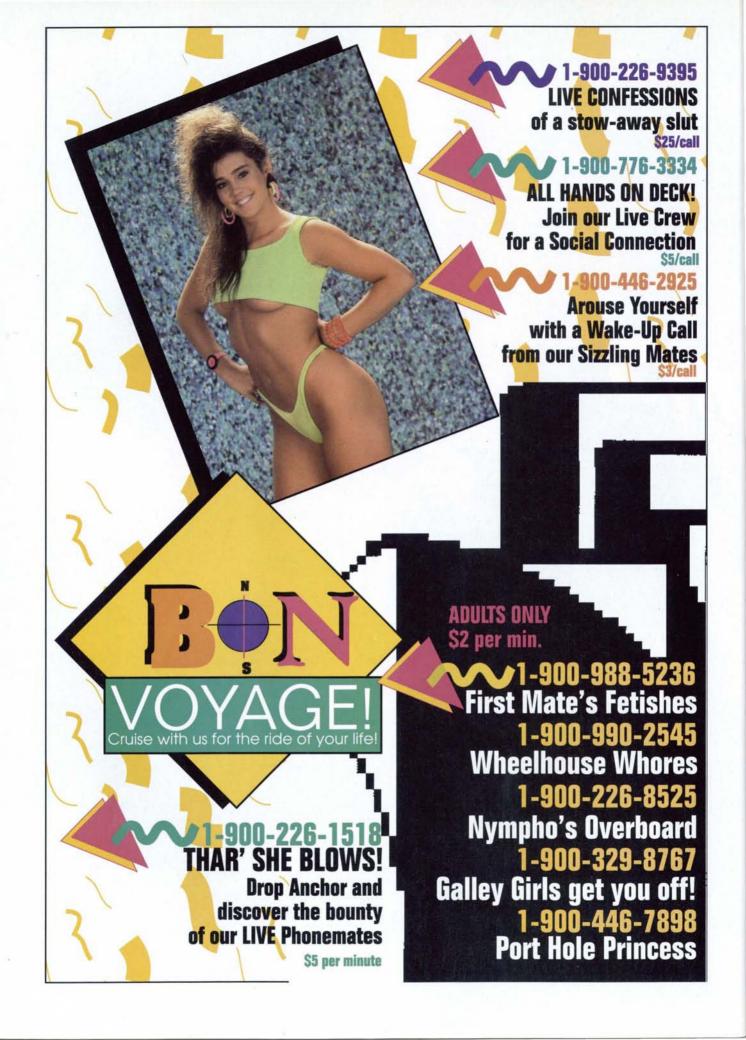












BARE

(continued from page 80)

massage workshop, crash for the night, use the sauna, Jacuzzi, tennis court and swimming pool. An eclectic, New Age clientele. Singles are welcomed warmly by both management and attendees. Open daily except Mondays, all year. RV camping.

Devore, California: Treehouse Fun Ranch, (714) 887-7056. A nude dude ranch with beauty contests, photo days and special events galore. Tennis courts, pools, sauna, hot tub, horseshoes, volleyball. Open all year, but very hot during the summer. Camping and permanent trailer sites.

Marin County, California: Red Rock and Little Stinson Beaches are small, private, sandy coves strewn with large rocks, accommodating a couple hundred friendly sunbathers. Leave vehicles at the official Stinson Beach parking lot on Highway 1 and ask for directions. Both nude beaches are within walking distance. Season: all year; best: July to September.

Corpus Christi, Texas: Padre Island National Seashore. Take Highway 358 to Causeway, then P22 south to park headquarters. Park in last lot at Malaquite Beach. Walk or bike about one mile. Voila! Sixty-seven miles of deserted, white-sand beach and placid, lukewarm Gulf waters. Yield right of way to giant sea turtles during egg-laying season and their offspring a few weeks later. This area has the languid ambience of a South Seas atoll. Easily accessible by boats of any size via Intracoastal Waterway through Madre Lagoon. Launch at Corpus Christi or Riviera, anchor in convenient spot and dinghy in. Great landing possibilities for beach catamarans. Season: all year; best: November to April.

Directories:

Naturisme, INF World Handbook 1990-91 (\$18.95). The official guide of the International Naturist Federation is the nononsense bible of naturist sunseekers worldwide. 850 glossy pages list practically all the nudist sites in the world, commercial, private and public. An eye-opening must-read for those interested in comparing the freedoms of other peoples with ours.

California's Nude Beaches, by Dave Patrick (\$8.95), is a 112-page paperback with beautiful black-and-white pictures and white spaces. Information on sites is accurate as far as has been checked, but more detailed maps would be appreciated.

World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation, by Lee Baxandall (\$18.95). On 220 illustrated pages, many of the nicest nude sites around the world are described and shown in detail. This fine book is now

out of print and destined to become a collector's item. Use the information with caution, as some of it is now outdated.

North American Guide to Nude Recreation, from the American Sunbathing Association, 220 pages, color (\$18.95). Mainly a listing of commercial nudist resorts, with slick, travel-brochure style, prudish photography and lots of hype. Nevertheless, it's a good resource for those interested in this style of naturist facilities.

If you can't find these books at your public library, order them from Elysium Fields, the Naturist Society or the American Sunbathing Association (listed here).

Associations:

American Sunbathing Association, 1703 North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 34744-9988; telephone: (407) 933-2064. This is the organization of nudist clubs and facilities (33,000 members) that lobbies various governments for more freedoms on beaches and public lands. Their main interest is organized clubs.

Naturist Society and Free Beaches Documentation Center, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54902; telephone: (414) 231-9977. This is a general naturist interest group and information center. Call them for the latest information on free beaches. Membership: \$30 per year, includes a quarterly magazine, *Nude and Natural*.

CON MEN

(continued from page 100)

tions of the health code, and that they will be held financially liable for penalties." He laughs and adds: "Tell a hooker she'll have to give up money, and she'll be givin' up pussy faster than you can unzip your fly."

Money, property, sex, automobiles—anything can be acquired with a good con game, even political office. Deukmejian, for instance, was elected governor after conning Californians into believing he would reduce the crime rate by executing criminals. The door to the gas chamber remained closed throughout his eight-year term in office. And don't forget the hundreds of thousands of Americans who were conned into reading the Bush lips: "No new taxes."

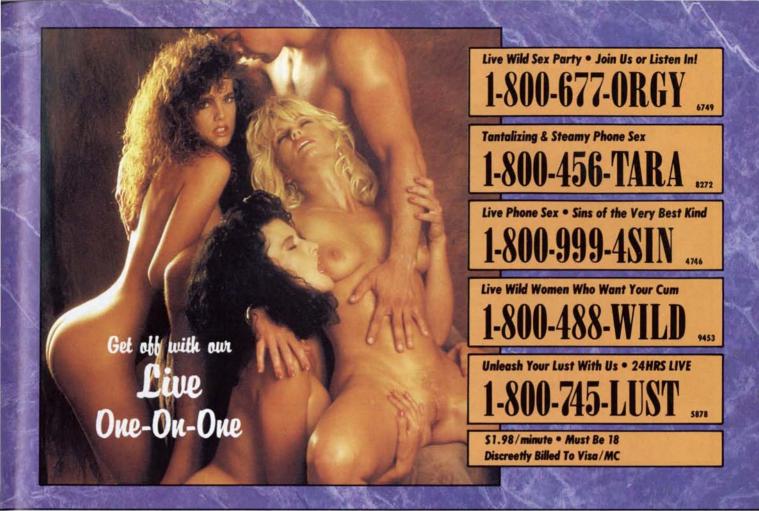
"Scams are a dime a dozen," says Staggs. "A new one is developed daily."

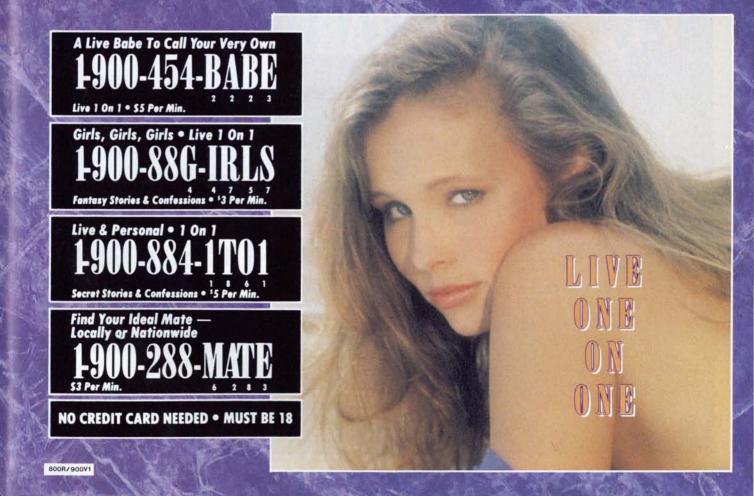
Artificial Asphalt and Cunning Contractor obtain cash deposits for repairs that will never be made. In Roof Repair, a mark's roof is intentionally damaged by a con artist who later solicits roof-repair work.

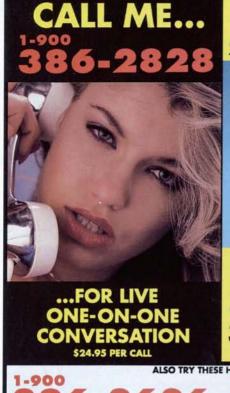
Waylay, Potato Pitfall, Ready Reward, Health Hazard, Rental Relief—Barnum was right. There is a sucker born every minute.















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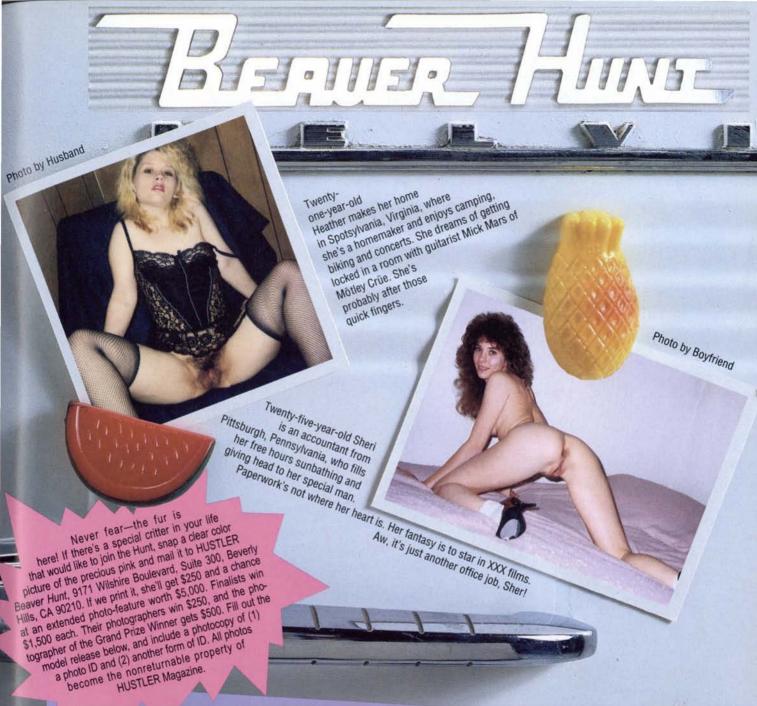


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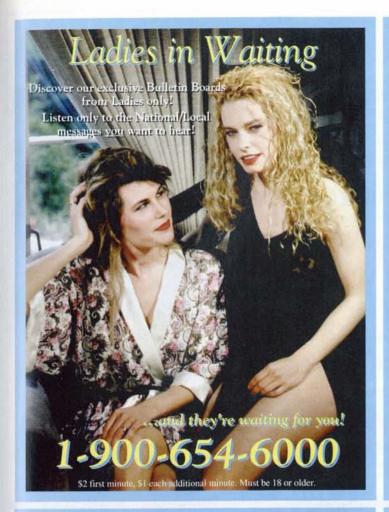
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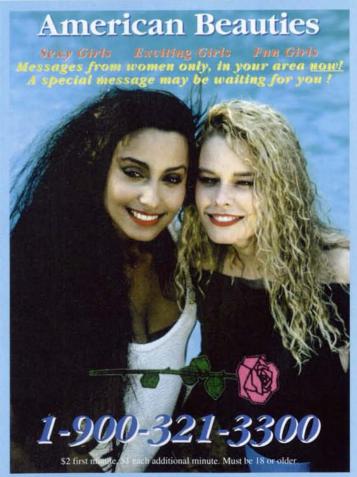
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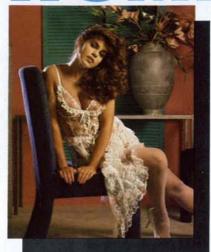








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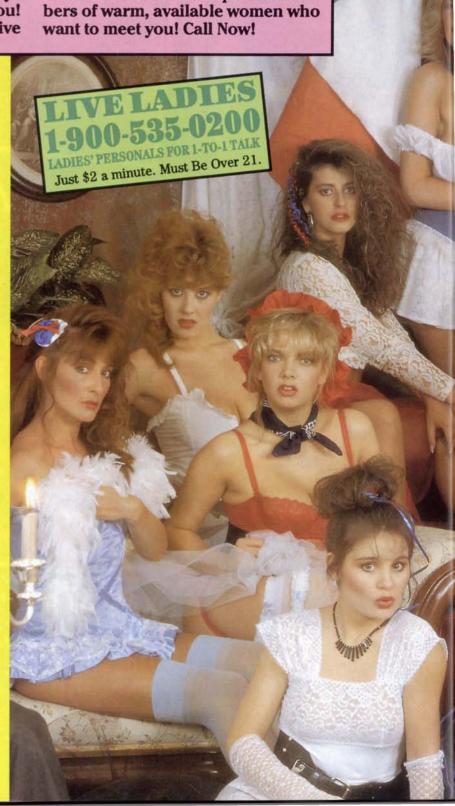
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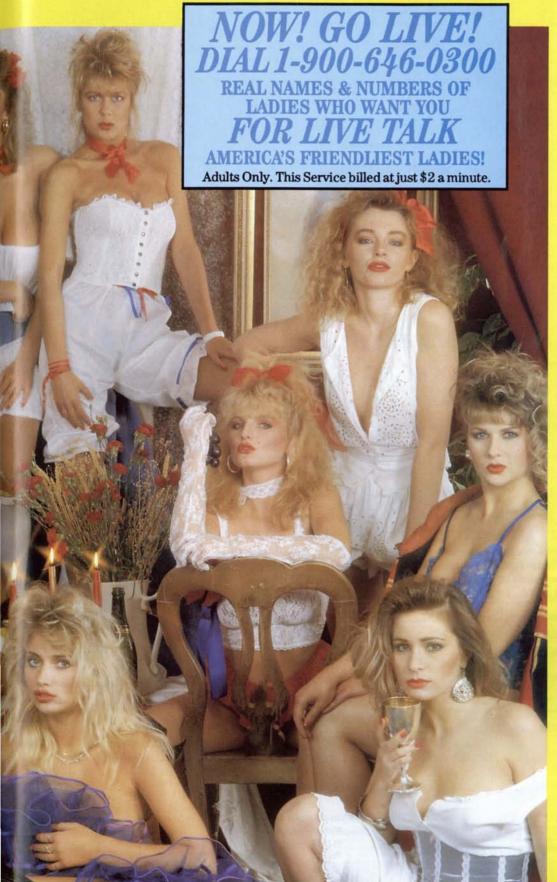
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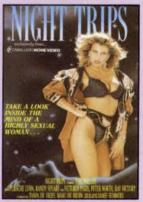
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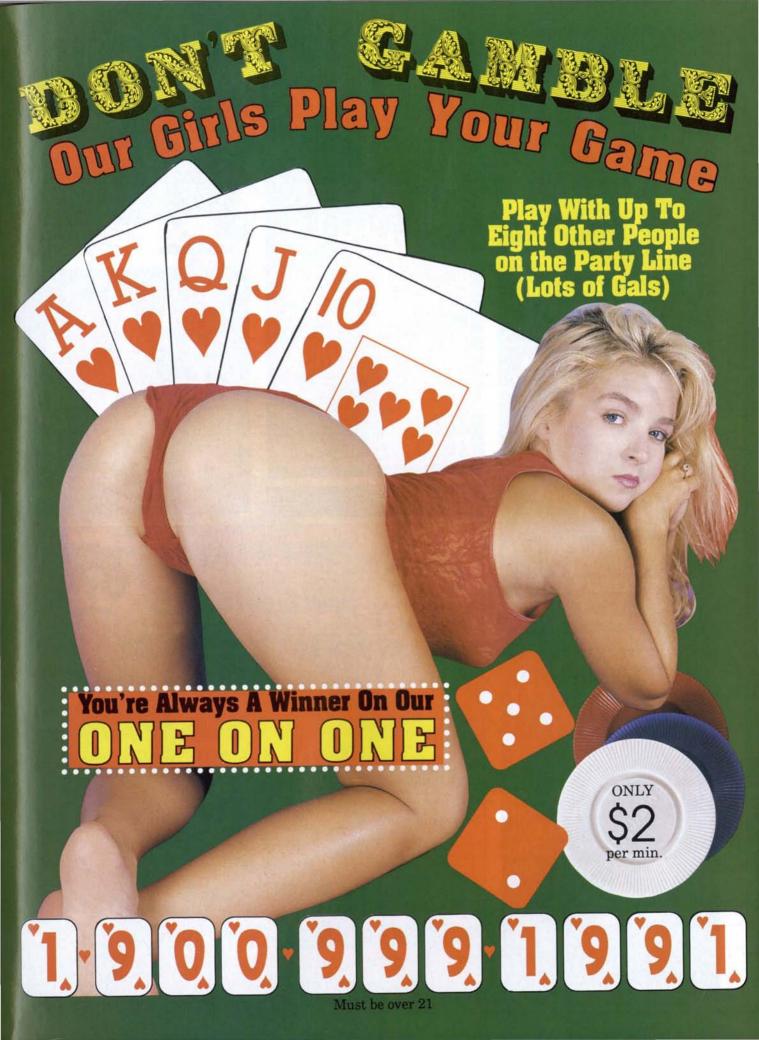
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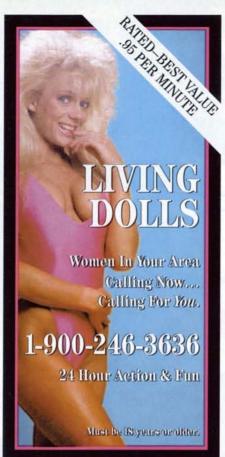


















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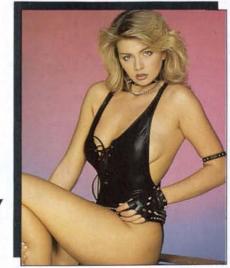
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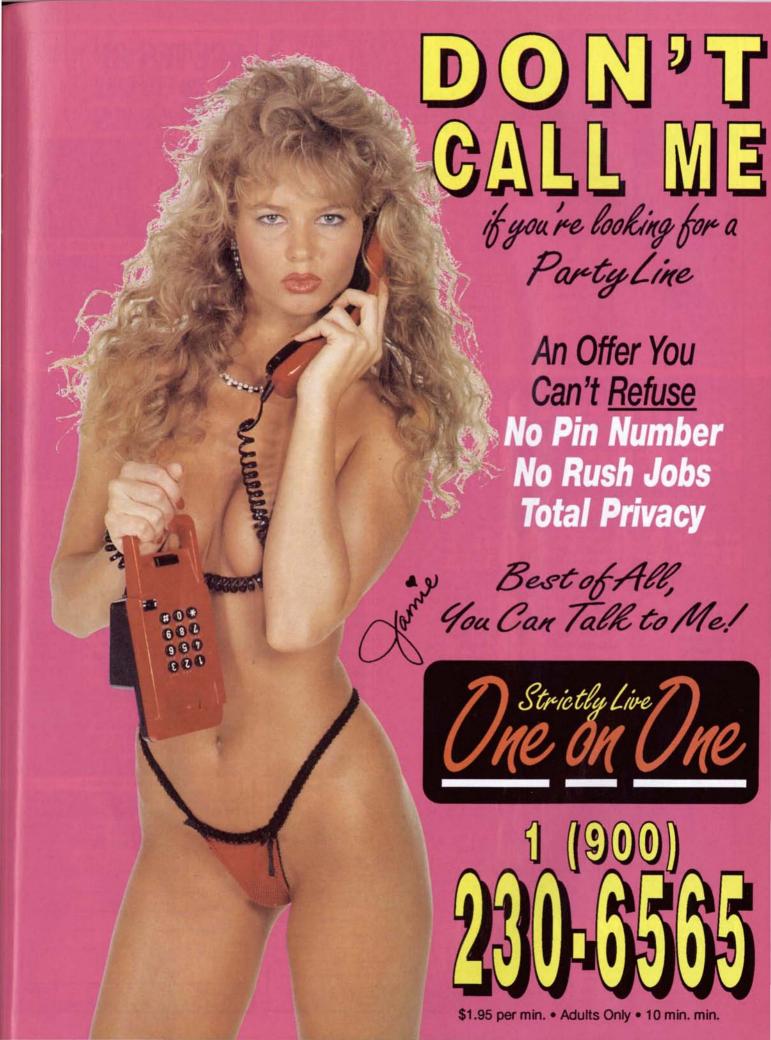
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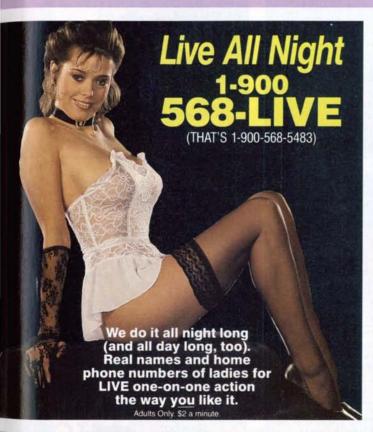
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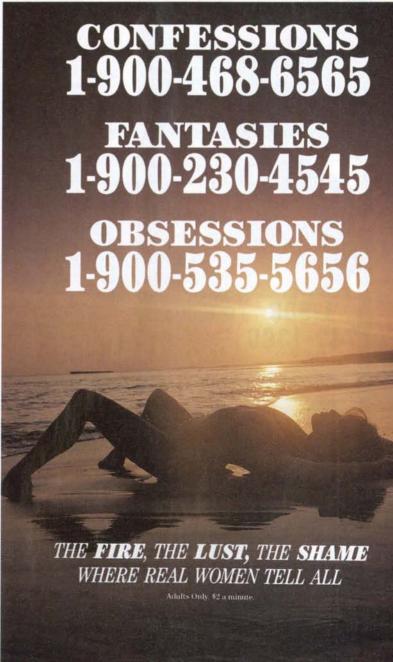
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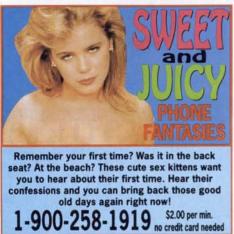
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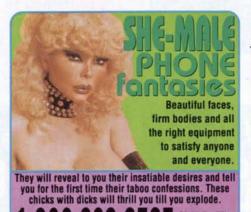














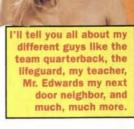












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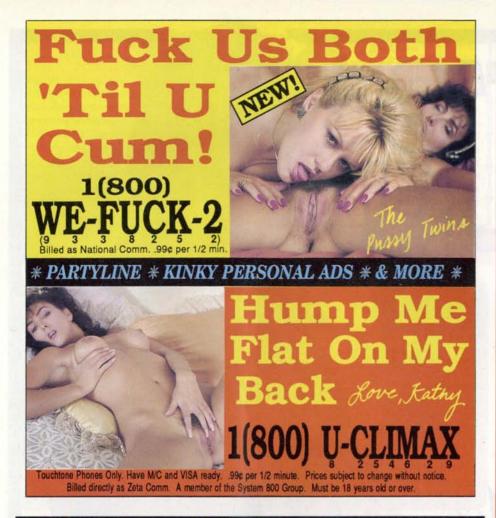
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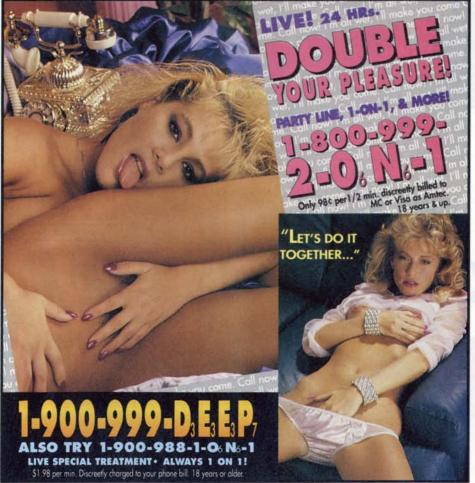


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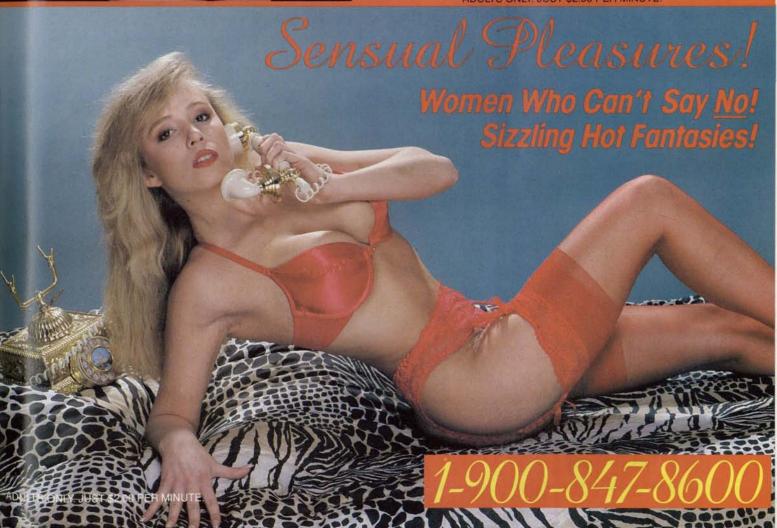
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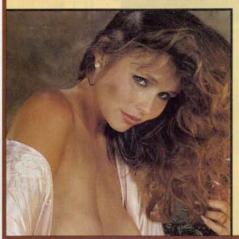
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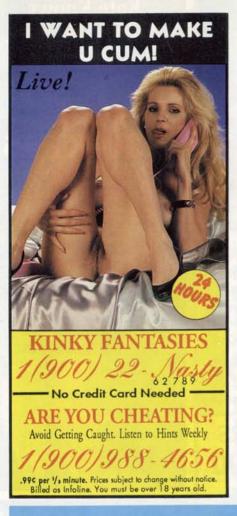


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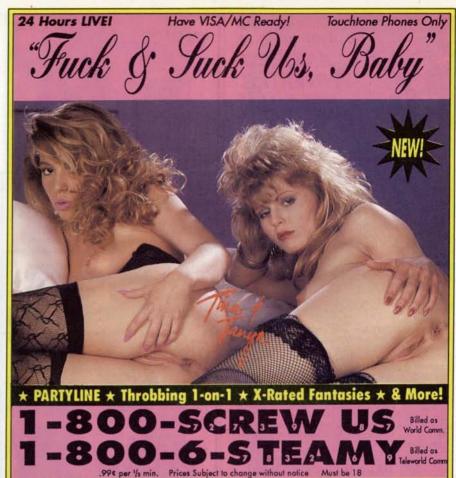
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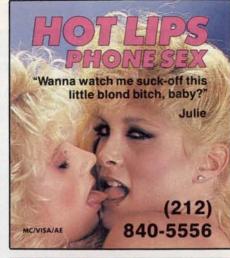
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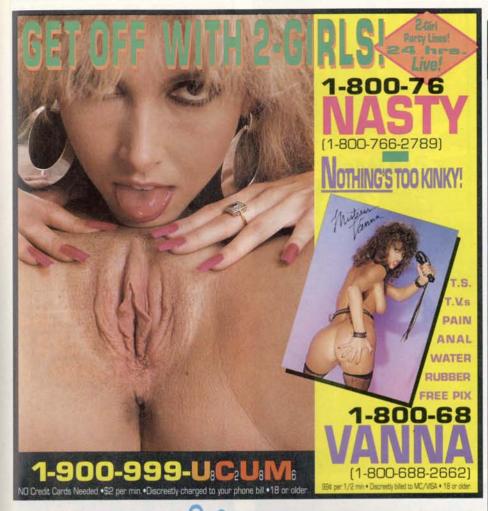






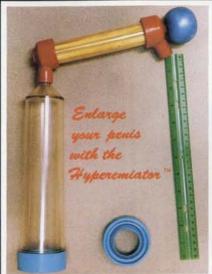








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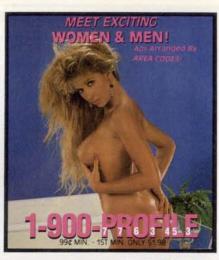












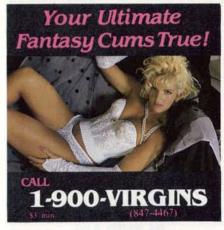








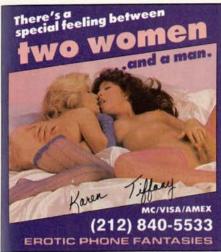






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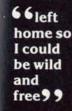
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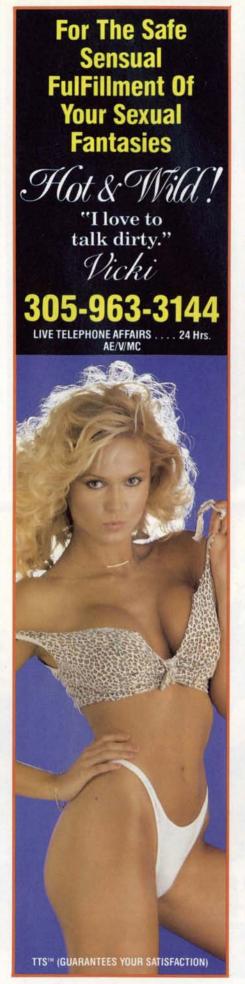


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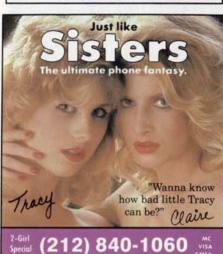
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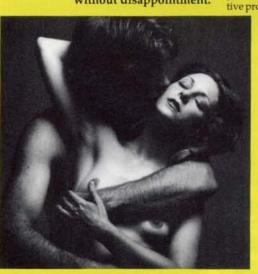
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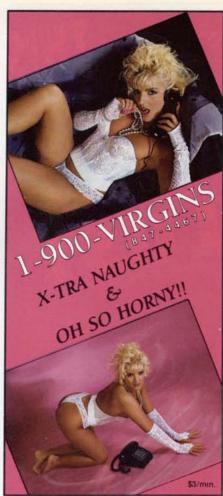
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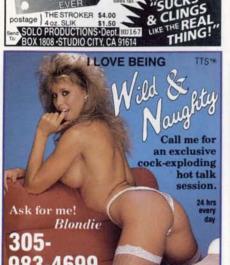
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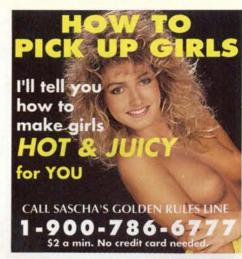
















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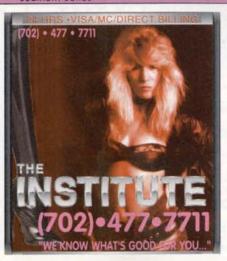
















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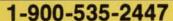
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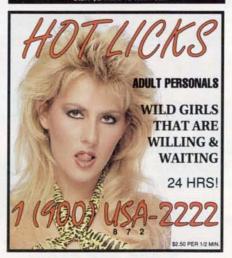
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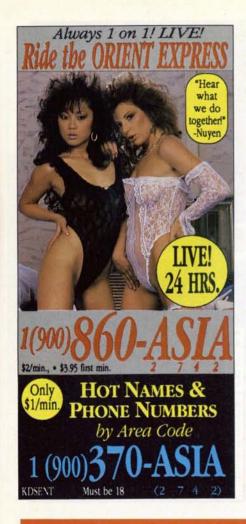
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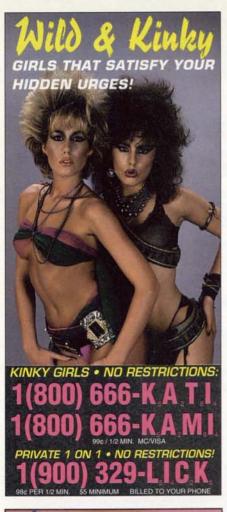




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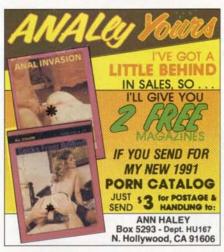


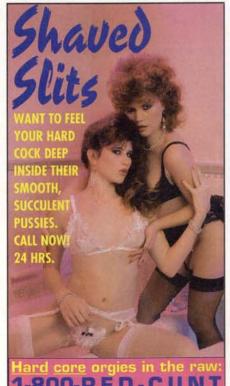
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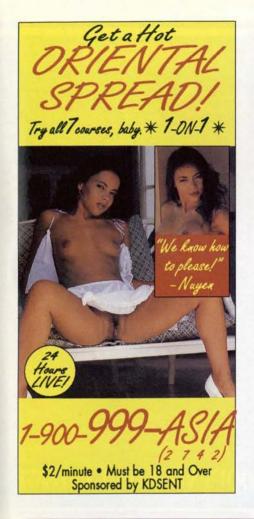


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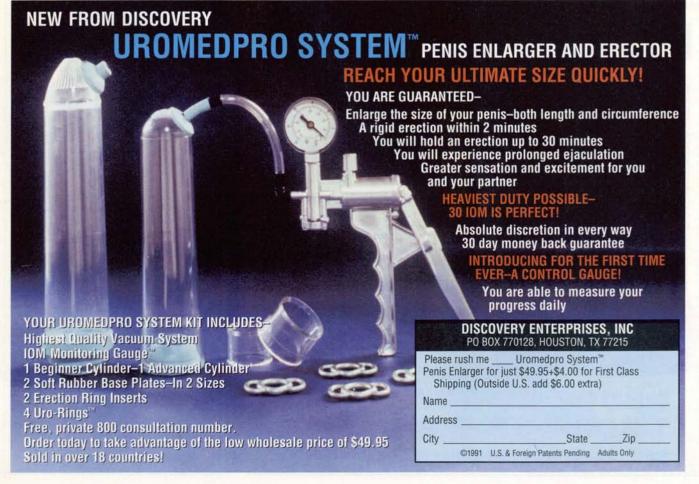














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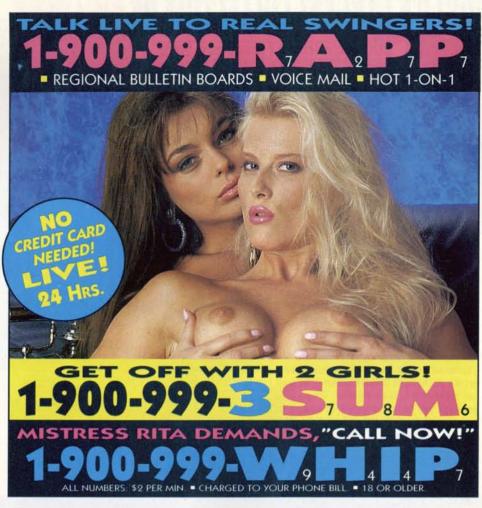
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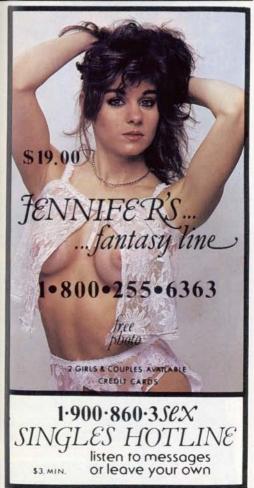
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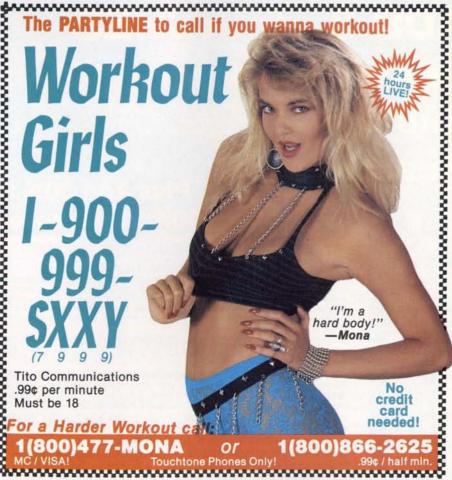












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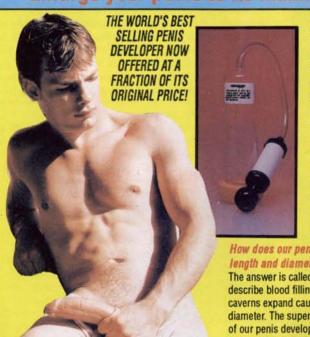
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HUSTLER

September HUSTLER on sale July 9, 1991



MORE VICE, SAME PRICE

HUSTLER in September adds an extra girl layout at no additional cost! *Monetarily*, that is—for pricks may not last past the drum-tight, lean legs in spike-heel slip-ons; the bubble-butt-bearing mast-thrash of beach bitch and surf dude; the powder-smooth hand tour from angel hair to blushing pink; two angry-titted tongue-vixens—one black, one white—fighting to make a taste comparison; *and* the nipple-pinching, blond fox who turns her shirt and sweaty hotpants inside out. Pace yourself for the long run in September.



Tarnished badges have been around since cops first walked a beat. In some cases, the good guys match the bad guys crime for crime. Former detective J. R. Nelson reveals the insidious evils of widespread police corruption in *Lost Patrol*, a double-barreled look at the wrong side of the law.



BRINGING UP DADDY

A conniving mother or daughter needs only say the word, and the legal system will prosecute an innocent man for child abuse with a zealous mindlessness reminiscent of the witch-hunting days in long-ago Salem. An estimated 125,000 fathers are falsely accused of child abuse each year. Many spend months in jail awaiting trial, and financial costs can run up to \$75,000. Writer Larry Wichman exposes this surefire way of ruining a man in Family Plot.



OPEN MARRIAGE

Adultery is not only a crime, a sin and legal grounds for divorce, it's also a damned difficult thing to get away with. Marriage expert Tex Lovett explains the ins and outs of extramarital sex in *Beat the Cheat*. It's mandatory reading for the man on the prowl, but beware: The odds *can* be beaten.



EVERY BIT THE BEST

September's Sex Play grapples the joys of May-December fuck rituals in "Age Gapping," by writer A. R. Langley; Bits & Pieces pits the free-wheeling '60s (free love) against the hard-dealing '90s (free AIDS tests); Hot Letters delivers a smoking batch of postal procreation; and HUSTLER men worldwide are invited to choose among five lovely ladies for Beaver Hunt's \$5,000 Grand Prize Winner. All in HUSTLER in September. Pick it up.







